

# THE CRITIC, LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XV.—No. 364.

JUNE 2, 1856.  
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## THE CRITIC. London Literary Journal.

### THE LITERARY WORLD:

#### ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The great and notable events of the fortnight, though not directly literary, are certainly connected with literature in their results. We have been making history. The great peace demonstration, for example, is one of those events which occurs but once in a half-century. But once in half-century does a war burst forth of sufficient importance to warrant a national demonstration of rejoicing at its close. And it must be confessed that this (among other considerations), is a very fortunate circumstance; for we should be sorry if we were called upon more than once in a lifetime to assist at such scenes of desperate excitement, turmoil, and eager pursuit of amusement.

Let not that word excitement be misconstrued. We do not mean to say that the people manifested any national enthusiasm upon this occasion, but simply that there was an eager, frenzied, and almost childish desire for the gratification of the senses. The Government adopted the tactics of PERICLES, and attempted by a magnificent expenditure of money to divert men's minds from the things that are.

To some extent that endeavour was successful. Old and young gave themselves up equally to the enjoyment of the day. The streets of the metropolis were filled to repletion with the dense crowd that passed along them. For once, the streams of travellers flowed in one direction. London stayed at home, and the country came up to town. From early morning a craving to be amused was to be observed. The inspection of the Household Troops in the parks attracted myriads; the Crystal Palace received nearly twenty-four thousand sight-seers; the theatres (which were opened at two o'clock in the day) all filled very well; nor was there any perceptible diminution in the customary crowd which assembles to behold the fine ladies going full-dressed to the royal drawing-room. Yet all these were but as whets to the appetite for the great feast that was to follow. As dusk began to close in, the people poured into the great thoroughfares from the tributary streets, and the crowd grew ever denser; the largest gatherings always showing where the most magnificent displays were to be expected. Long lines of carriages and of wagons, filled with persons who preferred that mode of locomotion, began to make their appearance; but by an excellent police regulation they were compelled to keep to the side of the carriage-way, the centre being set apart for pedestrians exclusively. There can be no doubt that for those who were gifted with good legs walking was the best method of seeing all that was to be seen. It would be clearly impossible for us (if desirable) to give anything like an account of the illuminations. Is not the catalogue of them in the *Times* "to serve for a guide upon future occasions?" Know we not that JONES had a star with "V. R." that BROWN superadded the more pretentious decoration of a couple of laurel-wreaths in coloured lamps; whilst ROBINSON testified his joy and saved his pocket by sticking penny dips in every pane of glass in his front windows? These bright examples are all faithfully recorded for the delight and instruction of future ages, and we have no doubt that the record will prove to be of the greatest service, whenever another such occasion may arise. Still, we must be permitted to doubt whether a greater variety, some more active exercise of the fancy, might not have been better. No doubt, a star is a very good thing in its way, and a crown is an object by no means to be despised; but we must confess that we do not understand why some other devices may not be adapted for an illumination than crowns and stars and wreaths. It was rather monotonous to find that these objects, with the initials "V. R.", "V. N.", and "V. A. N. E.", were constantly repeated, almost without variety, from the one end to the other of the longest street. The very general introduction of gas was a great point in these illuminations; for we may safely assert that never before was it so extensively used. When the gas is well laid on and the supply is good, nothing can exceed its brilliancy and beauty. Witness the

illuminations at Dudley House, the Horse Guards, the Army and Navy Club, and the United Service. But when the jets were small and the supply deficient, it was no uncommon thing to find an extensive and elaborate decoration, whose form was only to be discovered from the dark and sketchy outline of the piping. Some devices which were effected by putting the lights behind a crystal surface cut in facets, were very fine in their effect. Still we must confess that, for the most part, the old-fashioned coloured oil-lamps and the still more antiquated paper lanterns appeared to be the surest and not the least effective method of illumination.

Few things could be more interesting than to watch the demeanour of the crowd, that with opened eyes and mouths agape passed through these fiery splendours. One good woman of the people, leaning on the arm of her husband, was immediately before us when we arrived opposite the splendid illumination of the Army and Navy Club, the windows of which were thronged with lounging members. "John," said the woman (looking while at the rows of whiskered and mustachioed dandies who lined the windows) "ain't some of those fellows like PALMER?" If these are the notions of the aristocracy now becoming popular, the clubs had better see to it.

In examining what was done towards converting London into a second Heliopolis we were occasionally tempted to speculate upon what was not. There were the Churches, for instance; what might they not have been converted into, by a judicious and not immoderate arrangement of lamps along the edges of their steeples and spires? St. Paul's, too, might have emulated the glories of St. Peter's at Rome, glowing with all the splendour of its Easter illuminations. There, too, were the columns. Wreaths of lamps winding spirally up the Duke of York's Column and the Nelson Column in Trafalgar-square would have had a wonderful effect, at no very great cost. The bridges, too, gave opportunities for effective illumination which ought not to have been neglected; and we see no reason why her MAJESTY should not have emulated her subjects, Lord WARD and Lord ELLESMORE, in decorating the front of her Palace with an illumination worthy of her position.

But half-past nine had sounded, and the sudden discharge of aerial guns high up in the air gave warning of the commencement of the fireworks. We hastened to the Green Park, where was the display which her MAJESTY herself was to behold, and therefore (though the official notice declared that it would resemble the display in the neighbouring park) we had a shrewd suspicion that this would be the best. Nor were we deceived; for a more superb and altogether indescribable display of pyrotechnic art it would be impossible to imagine. Fifteen thousand rockets, innumerable gerbs, serpents, shells containing tinted fires, tourbillons, golden rain, and every conceivable form of lesser firework, filled up the intervals between the discharge of some fifty or sixty set pieces of great magnificence; the whole concluding with five set pieces of marvellous beauty, and the simultaneous explosion of ten thousand rockets of great size and power. The coloured fires displayed on this occasion exceeded in purity and brilliancy everything of the kind that we have ever seen, and the entire display proved that its contriver, Captain BOXER, is not only a consummate pyrotechnist, but also a man of very great taste. It would, perhaps, be easy to show that more might have been done; but it is still more easy to show that more was done than ever was effected upon any previous occasion of a similar kind.

To revert to the more peaceful subjects of the fortnight, Lord CLARENCE has had a correspondence with Mr. WARREN DE LA RUE, with reference to that gentleman's request, on behalf of himself and certain of his fellow-exhibitors at the French Exhibition, to be permitted to wear the decoration of the Legion of Honour conferred upon them by the EMPEROR of the FRENCH. To this Lord CLARENCE returns for answer, that "distinguished service before the enemy, either at sea or in the field," will alone entitle a British subject to wear a foreign decoration. So it appears, therefore, that the lowest and most common of all arts—that of fighting—is to be entitled to the rewards and distinctions due to merit. Why does not the QUEEN institute a British Legion of Honour?

The venue of the HAYWARD-CROKER controversy has been changed from the columns of the

*Times* into those of the *Athenaeum*. The principals in the quarrel have disappeared from sight, and Mr. MURRAY, of Albemarle-street, and the author of the castigation administered to Mr. CROKER in *Fraser*, are now the ostensible combatants. The question between these two gentlemen is simply one of fact; Mr. MURRAY asserting that certain things are not in the second edition of MONTALMBERT's work, which (as the reviewer states and as we know) are certainly to be found there. Mr. MURRAY will do well to keep out of this business, for these waters are too deep for him. Mr. CROKER takes a great deal of kicking before he understands that he has been kicked; but in the opinion of all who have taken the trouble to look into the question, he stands convicted both by Mr. HAYWARD and the reviewer in *Fraser* either of gross ignorance or gross dishonesty. It is for him to choose which horn of the dilemma he will accept; but Mr. MURRAY is less wise in his generation than we take him to be if he interposes his poor respectability.

Like feather-bed 'twixt castle wall  
And heavy brunt of cannon ball.

There has been a foolish controversy respecting the authorship of a well-known book, which is likely to puzzle future commentators upon the literature of the nineteenth century. Everybody knows that the author of the popular novel "Singleton Fontenoy" is Mr. JAMES HANNAY, the lecturer on Satirists, now a Quarterly Reviewer, and altogether one of the notable of the rising literary constellations of the age. Only think then of an insane Irishman, one Mr. PERCY ROBINSON, laying claim, with characteristic impudence, to the authorship of this novel! The columns of the *Downpatrick Recorder* have given opportunity to this shameless pretender to prosecute his claim. He appeals to the Messrs. ROUTLEDGE to corroborate his story; but they, of course, have flatly denied every word of it. There is another case of disputed authorship arising out of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE's shop. They are publishing "Rattlin the Reefer," as a genuine work of Captain MARRYAT; but Miss EMILY HOWARD claims it to have been written (as no doubt it was) by her father, who also wrote "The Old Commodore," "Jack Ashore," "Outward Bound," and other nautical works of interest.

Mr. ROGERS's library, which took six days to sell, has realised, after all, no very great sum; and by far the larger proportion of even this is due rather to volumes of engravings and etchings, and to those works which are decorously disguised in the catalogues under the title of *fac-simile*, than to the value of the works properly so called. To indicate the extent to which the class above referred to existed in the collection, we may mention that two copies of the "Hypnotomachia" of POLIPHILOS were put up for sale: one copy (*an editio primaria*) realised £13., and the other 7*l.*

The American *Criterion* has lately favoured its readers with some views upon the subject of the value of copyright; and although we would rather hear from it upon the subject of an international copyright law between the two countries, the remarks which it offers are certainly curious. The editor professes to have overheard an eminent publisher state in a railway-car that the copyright of a certain book was worth five hundred thousand dollars—100,000*l.* sterling. Upon this text the *Criterion* speaks:—

Ponder over that, ye fledgling authors. Write, write, write, ye deep-thinkers, and smart talkers, and then sell, sell, sell, ye publishers. On the very first opportunity, we mean to get some idea of what 500,000 dollars really is—from a cashier, banker, millionaire, or other person who may be presumed to appreciate that sum. To us it is a myth, a poetical fancy, which we are not able to understand. Yet we believe that the remark which suggested these observations was nothing but truth. Never mind what book it is to which reference was made; we heard the name, and a very familiar one it is.

We must confess that we should like to hear the name of the book; for our present belief is that never was there a book published that has brought that sum of money to the publisher, much less to the author. The *Criterion* then goes on to pile proof upon proof that literature is a very good business, "as much so as selling dry-goods or freighting ships."

We know of one lady in this country who, having procured a publisher with great difficulty, received from the profits of her work sufficient for a life independence—who was enabled to contribute to the comforts of a large family, and assume the charge of educating brothers and sisters. Also we know of more than one author who has settled down in easy circum-

stances, entirely from the profits of one or two books. It is, of course, not always the best books that yield the most income, though it may be a tolerably safe rule to lay down that no publication can meet with much success unless it have great ability. Authorship at the present day is not a condition of mere vagrancy, but is a profession, when understood, of as much certainty, we may say, as the law. True, only about one in a hundred has any respectable success; but that is the fault, not of the calling, but of the man. Irving, Bancroft, Everett, Hawthorne (except for the Liverpool Consulship), Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, Donald Mitchell, Whittier, and many others whose names will at once occur, find their bread and butter in literature with as much certainty as any gentlemen who rises to address a jury on behalf of an injured client. In a strictly pecuniary aspect we imagine Messrs. Macaulay, Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens, Ruskin & Co., on the other side of the water, have as good a business as any which they could have selected.

This is certainly a new way of putting it; and all that we have to say is that, if literature be a business, it will be a much more profitable one to English dealers when they get in their accounts from American customers with greater regularity.

The American writer's speculation about the pecuniary success of Mr. DICKENS and his *confères* may be a little exaggerated; but it is not, after all, without some foundation. Probably no writer ever gained so much money by his works as the author of "Pickwick." Not only does he possess the whole of his copyrights (a great fortune in themselves), but he reaps abundantly from foreign fields where no other author can glean a straw. Whether it be for very shame, or that he may have the credit of paying one great English author, we cannot tell; but even HARPER disburses hard dollars to Mr. DICKENS. TAUCHNITZ of Leipzig pays him (we believe) 300. per annum. Then there is his current work "Little Dorrit," and his share in *Household Words*—a property in itself not to be despised. Well, he deserves it all, for it is the best proof of his great popularity. While we write there comes a rumour, which we hope is true, that he has purchased the estate of Gadshill, near Rochester (classic ground!), where he intends to abide during the remainder of his days. Is this gossip or truth? We believe the latter.

We do not know how many illustrated journals New York already possesses; but we believe it has long since surpassed our metropolis in that respect. Whether they are all successful is another matter. We have received a specimen number of an addition to the species, called *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*—a form of baptism which we by no means like, in spite of the countenance which it has received from such examples as *Charles Knight's Newspaper*, *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*. A newspaper appears to us to be the embodiment of the opinions of a class, not of a single individual, and it is giving it too much individuality to call it by the name of any known person. At any rate, the names and opinions of Messrs. KNIGHT and JERROLD were well-known beforehand; but who is FRANK LESLIE? Is he the printer, or the publisher, or the proprietor, or the editor? We are launched upon a sea of speculation, with not so much as a straw to guide us. The illustrations are well got up; but there is an anti-English policy noticeable in the political portion. The form is precisely that of the *Illustrated London News*.

The first number of the American revised edition of the Bible has appeared; but we must leave its merits to be determined upon by Hebraists and Biblical scholars who are competent to deal with it. The text is neatly printed in three columns, the first containing King James's version, the second the original Hebrew, and the third the revised version. The notes are printed in double columns at the foot of the page. The first number contains the first fourteen chapters of the Book of Job.

L.

#### PEACE REJOICINGS.

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY NOTES UPON GREAT OCCASIONS OF NATIONAL REJOICING IN ENGLAND. In ancient times, men rejoiced for victory; now they testify their satisfaction at the termination of that state of things in which only victory is possible, at the conclusion of war. From the pride of triumphs,—an insolent and haughty form of self-congratulation and personal vanity,—we have come to the humbler and more decorous practice of returning thanks to the God of Battles, to whom alone the praise is due. We no longer lead our prisoners captive and swell the

pageant of our pride by the spectacle of those unfortunates whose misery has been caused by our success. No longer do we sing "Io Triumpe" in honour of a victory which has stilled many brave hearts, and made many a wife a widow, many a widow childless. These are the customs of barbarians: we, who look upon war as only to be excused by the imperfect state of our civilisation, are content to sing and rejoice when the necessity for it is at an end. In itself this is a proof of some moral progress.

It is our purpose in this article to give some account of a few of the more celebrated occasions of national rejoicing in this country. In the selection of them we have been guided partly by the significance of the events themselves, and partly by the possibility of discovering any authentic accounts of the manner in which they were conducted. Nor was this task very easy. When we entered upon it we supposed that the information required might readily be found in the pages of historical works of reputation; but this has not proved to be the case: on the contrary, we have found that the historians have done little more than refer to such events in the most general terms, and we have been compelled to search for the required details in the pages of contemporary annalists and in the columns of the newspapers of the day. It is owing to this difficulty, and to the short time which we have had to prepare these notes, that they are by no means so perfect as we could have desired, and, although we have spared no pains to discover every reliable and available source of information, there are many points upon which we should have wished to give better and fuller information.

Before entering upon the specific events of national rejoicing, we will offer a few prefatory remarks upon certain parts of the ceremonies or customs used upon those occasions. National rejoicings generally consist of pageants or processions, fireworks, and illuminations. The first of these is a custom of great antiquity. Without going so far back as to determine whether David's dance before the Ark was a triumphal procession, or even without referring to the *triumphalia* of the ancients, we find that pageants have been used in this country from the very earliest times. There are many accounts of pageants given, which prove that they occasionally displayed great taste and magnificence. The pageant of Lord Mayor's Show is of great antiquity; and, on the principle of *ex uno discere*, we select one of the best accounts of a pageant with which we have been able to meet, as an illustration of the rest:—

On Lord Mayor's day in 1687, the pageants of Sir John Shorter, Knt., as Lord Mayor, were very splendid. He was of the Company of Goldsmiths, who at their own expense provided one of the pageants representing the miracle of St. Dunstan. It must have been of amazing size, for it was an "hieroglyphic of the company," consisting of a spacious laboratory or workhouse, containing several conveniences and distinct apartments, for the different operators and artificers, with forges, anvils, hammers, and all instruments proper for the mystery of the goldsmiths. In the middle of the frontispiece, on a rich golden chair of state, sat St. Dunstan, the ancient patron and tutelar guardian of the company. He was attired, to express his prelatical dignity and canonisation, in a robe of fine lawn, with a cape over it of shining cloth of gold reaching to the ground. He wore a golden mitre beset with precious stones, and bore in his left hand a golden crosier, and in his right a pair of goldsmith's tongs. Behind him were Orpheus and Amphion playing on melodious instruments; standing more forward were the Cham of Tartary and the Grand Sultan, who, being "conquered" by the Christian harmony, seemed to sue for reconciliation." At the steps of the prelatical throne were a goldsmith's forge and furnace, with fire, crucibles, and gold, and a workman blowing the bellows. On each side was a large press of gold and silver plate. Towards the front were the shops of artificers and jewellers all at work, with hammers, anvils, and instruments for enamelling, beating out gold and silver plate; on a step below St. Dunstan sat an assay-master, with his trial balance and implements. There were two apartments for the processes of digrossing, flattening, and drawing gold and silver wire, and the fining, melting, smelting, refining, and separating of gold and silver, both by fire and water. Another apartment contained a forge with miners in canvas breeches, red waistcoats and red caps, bearing spades, pickaxes, twiddles, and crows for sinking shafts and making adits.

The pageants in the reign of Queen Elizabeth were more splendid than any that had been before attempted; and some of those which took place during her progresses (those at Kenilworth,

for example) are familiar to the most superficial student of history.

When fireworks were invented is not known with any degree of certainty. It is believed that the art of pyrotechny (as the art of making fireworks is learnedly called) has been known to the Chinese from the remotest times; but that assertion rests upon very doubtful evidence, and it is certain that they are not spoken of in our history much before the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Once, when Anne Boleyn came from Greenwich to London by water, a machine resembling a dragon preceded her barge, and it vomited forth red flames as it proceeded. The fireworks at Kenilworth on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit were very splendid, as every reader of Scott well knows; and those which were exhibited during her visit to Elvetham (Lord Hertford's seat in Hampshire) are mentioned as having been constructed with great ingenuity and magnificence. In James the First's reign they became very popular, and since that time the art has greatly advanced. Probably the greatest display of fireworks that ever took place in this country before that of Thursday last was upon the occasion of the rejoicings for the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, hereafter described. Those upon the occasion of George the Third's recovery in 1789 were spoken of as very splendid; but the accounts given do not lead us to believe that they equalled those of 1749.

The subject of illuminations is so closely allied to that of fireworks, that it is difficult to separate them entirely. Illuminations consist of devices formed of coloured lamps, candles, lanterns, and jets of gas, and are intended to last many hours; whereas fireworks are made of compositions which burn with great rapidity, and very soon exhaust their effect. Transparencies must also be classed under the head of illuminations, though they are not unfrequently combined with and form part of a firework. The practice of illuminating is of great antiquity, and the manner of effecting it remained much the same, without any improvement, until the introduction of gas. At a remote period, cressets (or small fires, in iron baskets, set upon the ends of poles) were carried in procession through the streets. The ornamented paper lantern is an importation from China, and we believe transparencies also. Strutt admits that he has not been able to discover the earliest use of illuminations; but he mentions that "branches of iron curiously wrought," with lamps of glass hung upon them, were suspended opposite the doors of opulent citizens, upon the vigils of St. John the Baptist, St. Peter, and St. Paul. He also says:—

It has been customary in this country, from time immemorial, for the people, upon occasions of rejoicing, or by way of expressing their approbation of any public occurrence, to make large bonfires upon the close of the day, to parade the streets with great lights, and to illuminate their houses. These spectacles may be considered as merely appendages to the pageants and pompous shows that usually preceded them; and they seem to have been instituted principally for the diversion of the populace.

In the reign of Henry VII. the Corporation of London received a letter from the King commanding them to illuminate in honour of the espousals of the Princess Mary. It is clear, therefore, that this was one of the usual and recognised manners of expressing rejoicing upon great public occasions.

The introduction of gas has certainly been the cause of very great improvements in the illuminations of the streets. There are certain drawbacks, it is true—in the first place because it is almost impossible to supply a sufficient quantity of gas for such extraordinary emergencies; and, secondly, because, unless the jets are of great size, the wind is very apt to mar the effect of the best design. Still, however, it must be confessed that gas-illuminations, when successfully carried out, produce a brilliancy of effect which oil-lamps cannot rival. The illuminations on Thursday last afforded perhaps the best examples of what might be done with gas. Those at Lord Ward's and at the Army and Navy and United Service Clubs must be classed among the most brilliant exhibitions of that character ever yet effected.

After these prefatory remarks we shall proceed to give some account of great occasions of national rejoicing which we have selected. In doing this we shall take in chronological order some of the more celebrated events upon which the people of England, and especially of London, have rejoiced over Victory and her attendant Peace, as national benefits. In doing

this, we shall not go back to any very remote period; because the accounts of any rejoicings before the time of Elizabeth are very meagre and uncertain, and could only be collected with great difficulty, and then not with any very satisfactory result. No doubt the rejoicings upon the return of the victorious Crusaders were characterised by a certain rude splendor, and London streets must have presented a magnificent scene in 1346 when the Black Prince returned victorious from Cressy, and still more so when he led back with him as a captive John II. of France after the well-fought field of Poitiers. Halle gives some accounts of the pageants and festivals which took place during the Wars of the Roses; and Henry VII., a monarch who was celebrated for his kingcraft, well understood the art of amusing the minds and gratifying the eyes of the populace with games, processions, and stately shows. As we have before intimated, the practice of illuminating seems to have been commonly used in his reign as a part of the great public festivals.

But the first great national rejoicing which we shall select for special description is that which took place after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the signal deliverance of England from the enemies which arrayed themselves against her. It is scarcely possible to overrate the enthusiasm excited throughout the country by that extraordinary and providential victory. To the national pride in a national success was added the enthusiasm of religious sentiment; for it was the firm belief throughout the country that the Almighty had specially interposed on behalf of Protestant England against the open violence and secret machinations of the Pope. The King of Spain was looked upon only as the instrument of the Bishop of Rome, and the destruction of the Armada as a deadly blow aimed from on high at the very root of Popery and priesthood. A poem published in celebration of the victory, entitled "Elizabetha Triumphans," exhorts men to

turne your hearts unto your sacred Queen,  
And with your Queen, beloved of our God,  
Turne to God's word, and shun the divelish Pope.

When therefore Elizabeth proceeded to St. Paul's to return thanks for the victory which had been vouchsafed to her arms, the act had a double significance; for she was thanking the Almighty, not only for His care of herself, but also for the preservation of Protestantism. The Spanish Armada was destroyed on the 19th of July 1588. To make its disaster more public the Lord Treasurer Burleigh invented the first English newspaper, which was published on the 10th of August under the title of *The English Mercury*. On the 19th of Nov. the Bishop of Winchester preached at Paul's Cross, in celebration of the event, and in the evening there were bonfires. On Sunday the 24th of November the Queen, attended by her Privy Council, the bishops, judges, heralds, ambassadors, and a large concourse of her nobility, went in state from Somerset House to St. Paul's. The ceremonies used upon the occasion have been thus described.

The companies of the Cittie in their liveries stood in their rayles of tumber, covered with blue cloth, all of them saluting her Highnesse as she proceeded along to Paules Church, where, at the great west door, shee, dismounting from her chariot-throne betweene the houres of twelve and one, was received by the Bishop of London, the Dean of Paul's, and other of the clergie, to the number of more than fiftie, all in rich coapes, where her Highnesse on her knees made her heartie prayers unto God; which prayers being finished, shee was, under a rich canape, brought through the long west isle to the traverse in the quire, the clergy singing the Letanies: which being ended, she was brought to a closet, of purpose made out of the north wall of the church, towards the pulpit crosse, where she heard a sermon made by Doctor Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury, and then returned through the church to the Bishop's Palace, where shee dined; and returned in like manner as afore, but with great light of torches.

Another chronicler says:—

Queen Elizabeth likewise commanded public prayers and thanksgivings to be made in all the churches of England, and went herself in triumph among the companies and societies of London, which marched on both sides of her Majesty with their banners, and rode through the streets (which were richly hung with blue hangings) in a chariot drawn with two horses (princes themselves not using four, as nowadays particular persons do), to St. Paul's church, where she gave God humble thanks, heard the sermon (which showed the glory due to God alone), and caused the ensigns taken to be there set up and showed unto the people. Then she assigned some revenues unto the

Admiral, for the service which he had performed with so good and happy success; praised highly her sea-captains, as men born for the preservation of their country; and, as often as she saw any of the others, called them by their names, to witness that she took note of their deserts, which they took as sufficient reward for their services. She also recompensed the maimed and poorer sort with honourable pensions.

We must confess that, when it was announced that her present Majesty intended to celebrate the restoration of peace "according to ancient custom," we entertained a hope that this pious "custom" of her noble predecessor would not have been neglected.

But we cannot dwell upon this topic; we cannot even, as we fain would do, devote some short space to point out a few of the many interesting circumstances which surrounded the Virgin Queen upon that occasion. We pass on at once to a more questionable occasion of rejoicing—the Restoration of the Stuarts.

On Friday the 25th of May 1660, King Charles II. landed on the beach at Dover, and on the day following began his progress towards the metropolis. Even royal travelling was in those days slow, but the journey was one continued ovation. It is true that, as the progress only proceeded during the day, no illuminations welcomed the restored monarch to the capital of his recovered dominions; but we dare say that the decorations which lined the road were much more attractive to his Majesty than the most brilliant fireworks or the most suggestive transparencies. The fairest maidens of Kent came forth in troops to strew flowers in his path, and the towns testified their joy by hanging white linen sheets out of the windows. On Tuesday the 29th the King reached Blackheath, where he was met by the army, at whose head he marched into London—not (it must be confessed) a very significant proof that he was restored by the free will of his people. The *Mercurius Publicus*, the great newspaper of the day, gives the following account of the ceremonies which brought the day to a close:—

The solemnity of the day was concluded with an infinite number of bonfires, it being observable that if all the houses had turned out their chimneys into the streets, the weather being very warm, there were almost as many bonfires in the streets as houses throughout London and Westminster.\* And among the rest, in Westminster a very costly one was made, where effigies of old Oliver Cromwell was set up upon a high post, with the Arms of the Commonwealth, which having been exposed there awhile to the public view, with torches lighted, that every one might take better notice of them, were burnt together.

The insult to the memory of the dead old lion was worthy of the restored sovereign.

During the same evening money was scrambled for in the streets, and wine was given away in great abundance. The King entered London preceded by a procession of heralds, who made proclamation, and there was "ringing of bells, bonfires, and shooting." At Oxford the rejoicings were no less demonstrative. The *Mercurius Publicus* says:—

The Conduit ran claret at two places about three hours, a thing never done before, and many hundred bottles of wine disposed of by the Mayor and the Council to the spectators; and also divers barrels of beer were set in the street common for anybody and a hundred dozen of bread that was disposed to the poor. The solemnity ended with the ringing of bells and making of bonfires.

And so also did most of the other great towns throughout the kingdom.

We now pass on to other rejoicings. Times have changed. The family ushered in with such jubilation upon the former occasion has been expelled. William of Orange has been called to the throne. All opposition to the new régime has been quelled, and the Massacre of Glencoe has been perpetrated. The war with France has been carried on, and William has taken Namur. We have arrived at the year 1697, and the Peace of Ryswick has been concluded and King William has returned to his faithful subjects victorious. His Majesty made his triumphant entry into London on the 13th of November 1697, and the occasion was thus announced in the *Post Man* of the day.

His Majesty designs this day to make his entry, and accordingly the Lords of the Council and others are to attend his Majesty at Greenwich, and Trainbands ordered to line the streets, and the Conduits of Cheapside and Stocks-market are to run with wine.

\* It will be observed that the style of the new-paper paragraph-writers was, as now, neither very clear nor very correct. Only the modern "gentlemen of the press" have less excuse than their more unlettered predecessors.

The entry took place accordingly, with what was in those days considered to be circumstances of great magnificence. The Lord Mayor rode before the King clad in a crimson velvet gown and carrying the sword; the sheriffs and aldermen also accompanied in the same manner. A detachment of Life Guards followed the royal coach, and a long train of the equipages of the nobility. The balconies on either side of the road were richly hung with silk and tapestry, and both the windows and the streets were crowded with people. It was noted as a happy circumstance that "everybody carried themselves with that respect that there was not the least disturbance, nor any squib thrown during the ceremony." The children of Christ's Hospital ("the Blewcoat Boys and Girls") were placed at the east end of St. Paul's Church, "one whereof made a speech to his Majesty."\*

In the evening there were fireworks, thus described in the *Post Man*:

After the solemnity of the day, an arch of thirty-foot high, full of fireworks, with "Vivat Rex," a crown, and the City arms over it, so contrived by an ingenious gentleman, at the charge of some officers of the White regiment, was fixed at Cheapside Conduit about ten o'clock.

The 2nd of December was fixed upon for the day of general thanksgiving, when a magnificent display of fireworks took place in St. James's-square.

The preparations for fireworks (says *The Post Man*) appear every day more splendid, being now almost completed: the four figures of Conduct, Valor, Peace, and Concord being now finished, make a very noble appearance. Peace has a palm-branch in her right hand, and a cornucopia in her left, to signify that Peace is the mother of Plenty, and Concord carries a heart in her right hand. The names of these figures in capital letters, composed of sulphureous matter, are placed over their heads, and are to be illuminated, and burn during the whole performance. These figures being all hollow, great chests of fireworks are placed behind them, which are to issue forth from all parts through a great number of funnels made for that purpose. The two main pillars to the westward are, in common with the other pillars, tinned all over, globular fireworks placed upon the top of them, and are wreathed round about from one end to the other, with the representations of laurel branches, which are to be illuminated; and most of the other pillars are adorned with laurels after the same manner. Between these two pillars on both sides are placed a sun, crown, sword and sceptre, and the letters W. R. in cypher, which are also to be illuminated. The two pillars at each end of the theatre are set off much after the same manner. The theatre is also adorned with banners, pendants and streamers, and the figures of sentinels completely armed and very handsomely painted upon boards at full length. Four of these are placed upon the theatre, and about twelve others in several parts of the inclosure; they have each three fireworks placed behind them, resembling rockets of two pound weight; one whereof is placed behind each shoulder, and the others behind their heads. The doors of the three arches are full of small fireworks resembling serpents, which are fixed as near as they can stand without touching each other, and before the gates are placed several curious preparations like scenes. There are twelve pillars below the Theatre, which are all tinned over, fireworks placed on the tops of them, and divers of them wreathed about with representations of laurel branches; they are placed by couples at convenient distances, and between them *Vivat Rex* is placed in capital letters, which are all to be illuminated.

Besides these there are many other curious works, which run in three lines quite round the inclosure, and some new ones appear daily; the preparations for the rockets, and other fireworks, which are to fly up into the air, are very extraordinary, and the works in

\* In a selection of exercises from the last Apparition of St. Paul's School, elegantly printed in celebration of that event, we find the following note calling in question Mr. Macaulay's statement of this very fact. "When William III., after the Peace of Ryswick, 1697, passed by, the scholars of St. Paul's probably, and not those of Christ's Hospital as Mr. Macaulay states, were drawn up on the east side of the cathedral. By the eloquent and admirable historian a compliment, however, would hardly be expected to be paid to William by the school of Marlborough, Trevor, and, *horresco referens*, Judge Jeffreys." A very pretty little flourish no doubt; but if the writer of it had taken the slightest trouble to ascertain the facts he might have spared himself a very ridiculous blunder. Mr. Macaulay was not paying a compliment, he was simply recording a fact; and if this means anything it looks very like accusing him of wilfully perverting the truth to suit his political bias. But the statement in Macaulay's history is directly taken from the newspaper of the day, in which it is expressly stated that "the Blewcoat boys and girls" were placed "at the east end of St. Paul's Church." Now, even supposing that the Paulines wore blue coats at that time, there were certainly no girls educated upon Dean Colet's foundation. Really these controveversies of Mr. Macaulay ought to be more careful. The careful labour of years is not to be lightly treated in the sportive moments of a would-be literary pedagogue.

general will abundantly exceed all others of that nature that were ever seen in England.

On the Thanksgiving-day King William went to hear divine service at the Royal Chapel at Whitehall. The sermon preached upon this occasion was by the Bishop of Salisbury, upon the text (2 Chron. ix. 8) *Blessed be the Lord thy God, who delighteth in thee to set thee on his throne, to be king for the Lord thy God: because thy God loved Israel to establish them for ever, therefore made He thee king over them, to do judgment and justice.* In the evening, between six and seven, the fireworks were let off in St. James's-square, in the presence of his Majesty, and there was a general illumination (of candles and lamps) throughout the metropolis.

We now pass on to 1713, when the Treaty of Utrecht brought to a conclusion the war with France and Spain. The war had been a glorious one for England. Marlborough had returned; his brows were loaded with laurels from Liege, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. Gibraltar had been taken by Sir George Rooke; Lord Peterborough had taken Barcelona; Sir John Leake and General Stanhope had taken Minorca and Sardinia. Louis XIV., grown more ambitious with his declining years, had been checkmated at every move, and everywhere the glory of England had been vindicated and increased.

The Peace was concluded on the 31st of March 1713, and a *Te Deum* was sung in celebration of the event on the 7th of July. The great composer Handel, then residing in England, devoted his great musical genius to the composition of the *Te Deum* and also a *Jubilate*, which were performed upon the occasion. It was originally intended that the Queen should proceed to St. Paul's in state, and there offer her thanks to God; but that intention was afterwards abandoned.

The *Post Boy* of the 2nd of July announces that her Majesty, accompanied by the Houses of Lords and Commons, will proceed on the 7th to St. Paul's, to return thanks for the Peace; but the same journal of the 4th of the same month informs the public that her Majesty will not go on the 7th, as she had fixed, but to St. James's at Windsor, to thank God for the benefits of the Peace. On the Thanksgiving-day London illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks in honour of the occasion.

The next great occasion to be noted is the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, which put an end to the war known as the "War of the Austrian Succession." The battle of Dettingen, at which George II. was present in person, was, perhaps, the greatest victory that had been achieved; whilst, on the other hand, our arms had received a severe reverse from Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy. Such glory as there was had been gained by Anson, Warren, and Fox, who had worthily sustained the reputation of the British navy. At the conclusion of the war there was a mutual restitution of all conquests made in Europe, and in the East and West Indies, between ourselves and the French.

The public thanksgiving in honour of this treaty took place on the 27th April, 1748. The genius of Handel was once more put into requisition to compose the music which was played during the display of fireworks in the Green Park. It was a curious and novel feature in those fireworks, that, in the intervals between the display of the different devices, pieces of instrumental music were performed. We have before us some of the pieces of music composed for the occasion, and upon the title-page we find—"The Musick for the Royal Fireworks in all its parts, viz.: French-horns, Trumpets, Kettle-drums, Violins, Hoboys, Violoncello, and Bassoons, with a Thorough Bass for the Harpsicord or Organ, Composed by Mr. Handel." It should be mentioned also, that Handel had composed a *Te Deum* in honour of the victory of Dettingen. The fireworks in the Green Park were upon a larger scale than had ever before been attempted, and manifested a great deal of ingenuity in their construction. The principal show consisted of a gigantic machine, built like a temple. The extreme height of this machine was 176 feet, and the entire length 410 feet. It was surmounted by an immense sun, in the centre of which "Vivat Rex" appeared in letters of fire. Altogether there were discharged from and connected with the machine, eighty-one air-balloons, 10,650 sky-rockets, 260 gerbs, 180 pots d'aigrettes, 160 fountains, 12,200 pots de brin, 21 cascades, 136 wheels, 71 fixed suns, 5000 maroons in battery, 3700

lances, 130,000 serpents, 28 figured pieces, 21 regulated pieces, and a grand girandole consisting of 6000 sky-rockets, besides an innumerable quantity of serpents, fire-rain, and stars. The machine to contain all this enormous pyrotechnic display was invented by the Chevalier Servandoni, and the fireworks were principally executed by the Signors Gaetano, Ruggieri, and Giuseppa Sarti, of Bologna. The concourse of persons who assembled to witness this splendid display was of course very great; and a scaffold was erected opposite the Queen's Library for the accommodation of those who were disposed to pay for it, and for which 10,000 tickets were distributed. The King himself beheld the display from the windows of the Queen's Library. Altogether there is no doubt that but for an unhappy accident the spectacle would have been one of unparalleled beauty and splendour. That accident was nothing less than the destruction of the great machine by fire before the fireworks were half finished; and although the consequence was that the illumination was very much greater than had been intended; it may be very readily understood that the simultaneous ignition of such a large quantity of combustibles, and the explosion of the rockets in any but the proper direction, was very annoying and dangerous to the spectators. One poor young lady, a Miss Harriet Scar, was so much burned by the fireworks that her clothes had to be cut off from her. The following description of the catastrophe has been given:—

A temporary building had been erected on the occasion, at a very enormous expense, and at the national charge, in the Green Park, opposite the King's Library, on a magnificent plan, and forming a most noble architectural structure, extending above 400 feet in front, and proportionally high, composed chiefly of timber and transparencies, adorned with appropriate allegorical paintings by the best masters of the time. This superb temple was illuminated beyond all former example, and the most brilliant fireworks displayed that the art could supply. The King (Geo. II.) and his court were at the Library to enjoy the spectacle, and it was thought more than half a million of people were in the park; who had the mortification of seeing this great building set on fire by accident, and one half of the exhibition and rejoicing entirely cut off and destroyed.

In 1762 there happened another occasion of rejoicing in the signing of the Peace of Paris, between England, France, and Spain. On the day of the proclamation there were ordinary fireworks and illuminations, but nothing was attempted upon so great a scale of magnificence as had been adopted in 1748. The following description of the procession of the heralds, proclaiming peace (extracted from the *Annual Register*), will serve to show that that rather old-fashioned ceremonial has not been altered in any important particular during the past century.

At ten o'clock the officers of arms assembled at St. James's-gate, properly appalled, on horseback; when proclamation of his Majesty's Declaration of Peace was made with the usual solemnity. From thence they marched to Charing-cross, in the following order, viz.: Guards, to clear the way; constables and headless, two and two, bared-headed with staves; the High Constable; the officers of the High Bailiff of Westminster; the High Bailiff; the Grenadier Guards; Knight's mounted men, two and two; the King's trumpets; the Serjeant Trumpeter, bearing his mace; pursuivants and heralds, two and two; Norroy King-at-Arms, having on each side a serjeant-at-arms with maces; Garter, principal King-at-Arms; a troop of Horse Guards. At Charing-cross peace was proclaimed a second time. From thence they proceeded to Temple-bar, where the officers of Westminster retired; and within the gate, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs performed the usual ceremony at their entrance into the City and joined the procession. This proclamation was made a third time at the end of Chancery-lane; then at the end of Wood-street, in Cheapside, where the Cross formerly stood; and, the fifth and last time, at the Royal Exchange during "Change Time."

We now take a leap of forty years, and come to the Peace of Amiens—a peace which, in spite of the pomp with which it was ushered in, was destined to be of but short duration. England tried the experiment of being friends with Buonaparte, but in vain; it was evidently too much against the grain of her aristocratic monarch to make common cause with the soldier of fortune.

The Peace was proclaimed in the cities of London and Westminster on the 29th of April 1802, and excited (so say the journals of the day) the most lively sensations of joy. The ceremony of the proclamation is thus described:—

At Charing-cross, the Officer of Arms next in rank read the proclamation, looking towards Whitehall, after which the procession moved on to Temple-bar, the gates of which were shut; and the junior Officer of Arms, coming out of the rank, between two trumpeters, preceded by two Horse Guards to clear the way, rode up to the gate, and, after the trumpets had sounded thrice, knocked with a cane. Being asked by the City Marshal from within (who had been there in waiting for some time, with the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, attended by the other City officers), "Who comes there?" he replied, "The Officers of Arms, who demand entrance into the City, to publish his Majesty's Proclamation of Peace." The gates being opened, he was admitted alone, and the gates then shut again. The City Marshal, preceded by his officers, conducted him to the Lord Mayor, to whom he showed his Majesty's warrant, which his Lordship, having read, returned, and gave directions to the City Marshal to open the gates, who, attending the Officer of Arms on his return to them, said, on leaving him, "Sir, the gates are opened." The trumpets and guards being in waiting, conducted him to his place in the procession, which then moved on into the City (the officers of Westminster filing off and returning as they came to Temple-bar), and at Chancery-lane the proclamation was read a third time.

The ceremony was then concluded, as on former occasions, by a proclamation at the end of Wood-street, and a final one at the Royal Exchange. On the same evening, illuminations upon a very large scale were displayed. The house of M. Otto, the French minister, the Bank of England, the Public Offices, and the theatres were particularly distinguished for the brilliancy of their decorations. The *Times* of the following day said that the illuminations at the Public Offices and at Lord Whitworth's (our ambassador to Napoleon) were very magnificent. Those at the Admiralty and Horse Guards were characterised as "very splendid," and Somerset House was said to have been "lighted up in its usual style of elegance." In the City, the Mansion and East India Houses "took the lead for brilliancy and grandeur." It will be seen that the paragraphs in the *Times* of the day were written in a style which is now the exclusive property of the *Morning Post*. In consequence of some persons refusing to illuminate there was a great deal of rioting in the streets; for the mob insisted upon illuminations being displayed, and broke the windows of all who refused or were unable to comply with the demand. Many persons disapproved of the Peace; but illuminated in order to save their windows. Sheridan said of the Peace that "many might be pleased with it, but no one could be proud of it"; yet for all that his illumination of Drury-lane Theatre was one of the most splendid in the metropolis. A publican at Portsmouth illuminated, but decorated the candles which he used with black crape. A curious misunderstanding arose with respect to the illuminations at the house of the French Ambassador, which were very splendid. Among other devices was one of the word "Concord" in coloured lamps over the door. This the mob understood to mean "Conquered," as if England had been conquered by France, and could not be pacified except by the removal of the obnoxious word, and the substitution of "Amity" in its stead. Subsequently some sailors discovered that there was no crown over the initials "G. R.", and they insisted upon the regal insignium being at once displayed. The most obstinate recusant upon the occasion was Mr. Cobbett, who wrote the Government, stating his intention not to illuminate, and requesting a guard of soldiers to protect him from the fury of the mob. To which it was replied that, whilst the Government would do all in its power to ensure the preservation of the peace, it was clear that if many of his Majesty's subjects were as obstinate as Mr. Cobbett, it would be difficult to protect them all. When the mob found that no illuminations were displayed, they attacked the house, and but for the timely arrival of a troop of Horse Guards it would have been pulled about the ears of its sturdy occupant. The *Times* of the following day censures the police for permitting squibs to be thrown about the streets, to the frightening of horses and the annoyance of passers-by. A question arose as to the propriety of opening the theatres on that night. Sheridan closed Drury Lane, but Covent Garden was open, and suggestively invited the people to come and see "Folly as it Flies." The *Times*, referring to the question of propriety, observed very sensibly: "We do not perceive the impropriety of opening Covent Garden Theatre on Thursday night. It was not improbable that many might wish

to see a play before the illuminations, and others might be glad to repose at a pantomime after it. But if the weather had been rainy, and the probability was on that side of the question, the theatre would have proved the most entertaining and convenient receptacle for the evening." One of the most novel and curious sights of the evening was the illumination of the Portsmouth mail, which "exhibited a most attractive transparency in its journey through the town, consisting of eight different illuminated devices on the top, turning on an axis." The splendour and beauty of the general illumination inspired the *Times* (which was scarcely less sagacious in its political prescience than it is at present) with the following prophecy, destined to be falsified after a few brief months. "This magnificent spectacle may be said to usher in a new and happy scene of things in a manner worthy of it—the blessings of peace, the union of Europe, and the repose of the world." Next year we were at war again, and a French army was in Hanover.

Twelve years pass over, and London is preparing fresh illuminations for an occasion worthy of extraordinary efforts. Napoleon is caged at last in Elba, and the Allied Sovereigns are expected in the metropolis of England. The circumstances of the memorable visit are curious and interesting. On the 5th of June 1814 the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia arrived at Dover, and on the 7th they proceeded in carriages to the metropolis. The Emperor Alexander and his suite lodged at the Pulteney Hotel. Directly the tidings of his arrival became known (for he had entered London privately and *incognito*), an immense concourse of people assembled with buzzes and cries of "Long live the Emperor!" The Jenkins of the day reports that—"His Imperial Majesty appeared shortly afterwards on the balcony, and bowed in the most condescending manner, which he continued to do occasionally till eleven o'clock at night, the people shouting their applause." The same evening Blucher arrived at Carlton House, and the reception of the veteran by the populace was also most enthusiastic.\* Jenkins reports his countenance to be "manly and expressive, bearing the effects of the severities he has encountered; the mustachios on his upper lip are exceedingly prominent." The people were so anxious to get a sight of the old soldier, that they "forgot the respect due to Carlton House," and forced open the gates, "laying on the ground the two sentinels at the gates with their muskets." The same eloquent and be-plushed individual who noticed that "the populace paid particular attention to some Russian parties (this word is clearly of Jenkinsonian origin) who came to town in the evening. They climbed upon the carriages, shook hands most heartily with those within, and exclaimed in praise of the Cossacks." That night there were very extensive and splendid illuminations throughout London—those at Carlton House being especially noticed for their magnificence. The whole *façade* of that fine structure (which included, it will be remembered, the pillars which now ornament the front of the National Gallery), was brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps. Large palm trees were placed between the columns, and, by their deep green, afforded a pleasing background to the crimson and ruby fires which burned along the front. The Opera-house and Collins's stained-glass manufactory, near Temple-Bar, had also very splendid displays, as also Somerset House, the Bank, and the Excise Office. The Pulteney Hotel, at which the Emperor of Russia stayed, was illuminated simply with the inscription, "Thanks be to God." That night Jenkins found plenty of occupation, and was enabled not only to tell his readers next day that the Emperor Alexander slept upon a straw paillasse, but that the King of Prussia had ordered the magnificent satin-wood furniture provided for his accommodation to be removed forthwith, and his customary leather matress

to be laid down in its place. Early next morning the Emperor Alexander took a ride before breakfast; whereupon Jenkins (ever on the *qui vive*), is enabled to gratify his readers with the interesting fact that "in riding along the City Road his saddle-girth became loose, on which his Majesty immediately dismounted, and fastened it with his own hands."

The particulars of this memorable visit can only be briefly referred to. On the 10th a court was held by the Regent at Carlton House, and also a Chapter of the most noble Order of the Garter. On the 14th the sovereigns visited Oxford, and degrees were conferred upon them with all due solemnity. Blucher was made an LL.D. On the 17th the bankers and merchants of London entertained them in Merchant Tailors' Hall. On the 18th the corporation of the City of London gave them a banquet at Guildhall. On the 20th there was a grand review of regulars and volunteers in Hyde-park. On the same day peace (the Peace of Paris) was formally declared. After the splendid doings of the past fortnight the bald ceremonial got up in the Herald's College attracted some ridicule. On the 25th there was a grand naval review at Spithead of fifteen sail of the line, and about as many frigates, upon which occasion the fleet put out to sea and went through all the manœuvres of a regular engagement. On the day of proclamation fireworks were let off in the parks; and it affords a curious instance of the constancy with which accidents become repeated under similar circumstances that there was an explosion at Woolwich during the preparation of these fireworks, which killed four workmen and severely wounded two others. It is a curious fact that this was the first year in which London streets were lighted with gas; but we do not find that this circumstance was taken advantage of for the purpose of those splendid devices which it has since been applied to. The Society of Friends refused to illuminate, and published in the *Times* an advertisement stating their reasons for refusing to join; but they subsequently waited upon the Emperor of Russia and gave him books explanatory of their religious principles. As it is well known, the acquaintanceship thus commenced was not suffered to fall into abeyance, but was improved upon a late occasion by the Emperor Nicholas and Messrs. Sturge and Bright.

The Duke of Wellington was all the time absent, and did not return until after the departure of the Sovereigns, which occurred on the 27th of June. On the 7th of July there was a public thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the restoration of peace. The *Annual Register* says that "the general manner of the procession was similar to those of the King on his going to the cathedral upon his recovery and after the naval victories." Both Houses of Parliament attended, a *Te Deum* was chanted, and a sermon was preached by Dr. Law, Bishop of Chester. On the 9th of July a magnificent entertainment was given to the Duke of Wellington by the Corporation of the City of London in honour of his return; and on the 21st the Prince Regent gave him the most splendid *réve* that probably ever took place in this country. Nearly two thousand five hundred persons were invited to attend, and the gardens at Carlton House were splendidly illuminated.

It was on the 1st of August, however, that the crowning point was put to all these magnificences by the great national festival now known as the Jubilee. This great manifestation of rejoicing was designed with the double view of celebrating the Peace and also of commemorating the Centenary, or completion of the century since the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne. This probably was the most splendid display of national rejoicing that ever occurred, and it is clear that what was then done has served as a precedent in no small degree for the rejoicings which have lately taken place.

The *Times* of the 2nd of August 1814 contains illustrations of the principal constructions for the display of fireworks in the Park—not very well executed, it is true, but yet sufficiently clear to enable us to make out with tolerable distinctness what was really done. There is also a very full account, with very decent illustrations appended, printed by E. Orme, and called "An Historical Memento representing the different Scenes of Public Rejoicing, which took place on the 1st of August in St. James's and Hyde Park, London, in celebration of the glorious Peace of 1814, and of the Centenary of the Accession of the House of Brunswick to the

throne of these Kingdoms." Here we find coloured pictures of the fire temples in the Green Park and St. James's, of the ornamental bridge and pagoda thrown over the ornamental water in the inclosure of St. James's Park (which, but for the accident which occurred to it, would probably have been standing to this day, to flout the fancies of those who think that a bridge over that water would be an eye-sore), and of the miniature fleet upon the waters of the Serpentine in Hyde Park. Every effort was made upon this occasion to render the arrangements as perfect as possible. The transparencies for the temples were designed by Howard, Stothard, Smirke, Woodford, Dawe, Hilton, &c. A portion of the parks was set apart for those who were willing to pay for the accommodation. The fireworks went off with most brilliant effect, and everything seemed likely to pass off most successfully, when the very counterpart of the misfortune which took place in 1749 befel the great pagoda in St. James's Park. About the middle of the proceedings that fine structure caught fire, and was burnt down in spite of the strenuous efforts made to extinguish the conflagration. The most tragical part of the mishap was that a workman in the employ of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, and who happened to be in the pagoda when the flames burst forth, precipitated himself from the burning pile, and was killed upon the spot.

This was, we believe, the last occasion upon which there was any great national display of fireworks at the expense of the Government. Since that we have been engaged in various wars, in Spain, in India, in China, and in Southern Africa; but none of them have been of sufficient importance to warrant any extraordinary manifestation of the national joy. Whether the conclusion of the late war is an event of that nature, and whether the conduct of it has been sufficiently glorious to warrant us in indulging in any very great enthusiasm, is a question which it is not our purpose to discuss. Hitherto, when England has set apart a day to testify her satisfaction for the restoration of peace, it has been when some great and signal successes have raised the spirits of the nation and augmented the glory of the British arms. When her monarchs have proceeded to the great national Cathedral to offer up their thanks to the God of Battles for the infinite mercies vouchsafed to them, they have carried with them the banners which have been wrested from the enemy—proofs of the valour of the British soldier. When the people have been invited to testify their satisfaction by illuminating their houses, it has hitherto been when some great general has returned to his country to sheath that sword which has won from the enemy an honourable peace. Elizabeth had her Raleigh, her Howard, and her Drake; William of Orange was himself tried and approved commander; Anne had her Marlborough; George II. his Anson; and George III. his Nelson and his Wellington. Of whom has Victoria to be proud? What has she to set against the destruction of the Armada, the Boyne, Blenheim, Dettingen, Trafalgar, and Waterloo? The absence of some such men, of some such motives for joy, may not have paled the brilliancy of the fires which blazed in the Park and along the streets of London on Thursday night; but it must be admitted that it has a very deteriorating effect upon the character of the joy which those manifestations were intended to illustrate.

**CHARITIES IN ENGLAND AND WALES.**—A return has been printed, by order of the House of Commons, of the proceedings in Equity relating to charities in England and Wales, and the amount of the property and annual income, in continuation of a similar return issued in 1852. Proceedings have been taken in 176 cases, and the return states the result in each case, and the present state of proceedings where not completed. In addition to these, there have been 31 informations signed by the Attorney-General at the instance of relators since the date of the last return, and 174 petitions allowed. In those cases in which proceedings have been taken the funds of the charities had, in most cases, been misappropriated from their original uses. The petitions granted principally relate to amendments and alterations, and to the sale of property.

**THE GERMAN NOTION OF SABBATH OBSERVANCE.**—The States of Oldenburg have agreed to a law for the "better observance" of the Sabbath. According to this all out-door labour, all noisy in-door labour, and all places of public recreation, are forbidden until after the termination of *morning Divine Service*; that is, until about mid-day. An attempt was made to extend the restriction until after evening service, but it was rejected.

\* For reasons which will easily be understood, the brave old Prussian was immensely popular in this country. The fair sex especially adored him. Some ladies at Dover requested to have a lock of his hair; but he put them off by saying that he had so little left that there was not a hair a piece. It is said that in the crush-room at the opera the ladies exhibited such anxiety to get a close inspection of his "manly and expressive countenance," and brought their faces into such close proximity to his "prominent mustachios," that the bluff soldier soldier could not resist the temptation, and kissed the ruddy lips of his fair admirers with great liberality. On the first night of his appearance at the opera, the pit rose *en masse*, and called loudly for "Blucher!—Old Blucher!"

## A MEMORY.

I look from out my tent of years, back down the vista'd way,  
And see the footprints of my life,  
The branches torn in idle strife.  
Strong briars down-bent, sweet blossoms rent  
And strown and trampled on the clay.  
A love was mine in those dim days, such as none else have  
Known:  
A true heart, beating quietly,  
Flutter'd and stirr'd when I drew nigh;  
And when I spoke, her ripe lips broke  
In clustering smiles—and all mine own.  
I crush'd that love, I spurn'd that heart, of those smiles I  
made scorn;  
And, as it were that self-same hour,  
A lust of wealth, a lust of power,  
A thousand things with golden stings,  
In my seal'd heart were born.

I gain'd that wealth, I won that power, my ships sail'd far  
and near—  
Their prows were bathed in Syria's light,  
Their frozen sails stood cold and white  
'Mid icy bars, 'neath lustrous stars,  
In Arctic mornings clear.  
I took a wife of high forbears to prop my lacquer'd pride:  
She laugh'd me down with her high name,  
Scatter'd my wealth, clad me with shame,  
Fled over the sea with a lordling; and he  
Left her in her want—and she died.  
Died, in her arms whose love I scorn'd! 'Twas whisper'd in  
mine ears—  
Died on her bosom tranquilly,  
Died penitent and blessing me.  
With sudden pang my seal'd heart rang—  
My blessings rain'd in tears.

I hasten'd thither: ere I came, another tale they said  
That smote me down upon the dust,  
With heart and hope and feeling crush'd;  
In broken words—sharp cleaving swords!—  
They cried—she, too, is dead.  
Dead! whilst for that frail woman there—her *foe*—she knelt  
and pray'd  
(Whose life lay flickering as she slept),  
From fever'd lips the venom crept,  
And through her being silent swept;  
Her fair brow glow'd, her heart beat loud,  
Her prayer low murmuring made:  
And her sweet being heavenward past, as incense wafted high  
By the full breath of choral hymn,  
Floats upward through the arches dim  
Out and away—and still away,  
And melts and minglest with the sky.

J. J. BRITTON.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## THE ARTS.

*Modern Painters.* Vol. IV., containing Part V.  
"Of Modern Beauty." By JOHN RUSKIN.  
London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

(Continued from page 239.)

Chapters XIII. to XVIII., respectively, treat of the Central Peaks, Aiguilles, Crests, Precipices, Banks, Stones, and are full of original observations, the result of loving and careful study of nature. We select a few of the passages likely to be of most general interest:—

## THE MONTANVERT, AT CHAMOUNI.

It is a great weakness, not to say worse than weakness, on the part of travellers, to extol always chiefly what they think fewest people have seen or can see. I have climbed much, and wandered much, in the heart of the high Alps, but I have never yet seen anything which equalled the view from the cabin of the Montanvert; and, as the spot is visited every year by increasing numbers of tourists, I have thought it best to take the mountains which surround it for the principal subjects of our inquiry. The little eminence left under *M* truly marks the height of the Montanvert on the flanks of the aiguilles, but not accurately its position, which is somewhat behind the mass of mountain supposed to be cut through by the section. But the top of the Montanvert is actually formed, as shown at *M*, by the crests of the oblique beds of slaty crystallines. Every traveller must remember the steep and smooth beds of rock, like sloping walls, down which, and over the ledges of which, the path descends from the cabin to the edge of the glacier. These sloping walls are formed by the inner sides of the crystalline beds, as exposed in the notch behind the letter *M*. To these beds we shall return presently, our object just now being to examine the aiguille, which, on the Montanvert, forms the most conspicuous mass of mountain on the right of the spectator. It is known in Chamouni as the Aiguille des Charmoz, and is distinguished by a very sharp horn or projection on its side, which usually attracts the traveller's attention as one of the most singular minor features in the view from the Montanvert.

## RUSKIN AND TURNER.

Foolish people are fond of repeating a story which has gone the full round of the artistic world—that Turner, some day, somewhere, said to somebody (time, place, or person never being ascertainable), that I discovered in his pictures things which he did himself not know were there. Turner was not a person apt to say things of this kind; being generally, respecting all the movements of his own mind, as silent as a granite crest; and, if he ever did say it, was probably laughing at the person to whom he was speaking. But he might have said it in the most perfect sincerity; nay, I am quite sure that, to a certain extent, the case really was as he is reported to have declared, and that he neither was aware of the value of the truths he had seized, nor understood the nature of the instinct that combined them. And yet the truth was assuredly apprehended, and the instinct assuredly present and imperative; and any artists who try to imitate the smallest portion of his work will find that no happy chances will, for them, gather together the resemblances of fact, nor, for them, mimic the majesty of invention.

## TURNER'S INACCURACY PRAISED.

He was, however, especially obedient to these laws of the crests, because he heartily loved them. We saw in the early part of this chapter how the crest outlines harmonised with nearly every other beautiful form of natural objects, especially in the continuity of their external curves. This continuity was so grateful to Turner's heart that he would often go great lengths to serve it. For instance, in one of his drawings of the town of Lucerne he has first outlined the Mont Pilate in pencil, with a central peak, as indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 72. This is nearly true to the local fact; but being inconsistent with the general look of crests, and contrary to Turner's instincts, he

strikes off the refractory summit, and, leaving his pencil outline still in the sky, touches with colour only the contour shown by the continuous line in the figure, thus treating it just as we saw Titian did the great Alp of the Tyrol. He probably, however, would not have done this with so important a feature of the scene as the Mont Pilate had not the continuous line been absolutely necessary to his composition, in order to oppose the peaked towers of the town, which were his principal subject; the form of the Pilate being seen only as a rosy shadow in the far off sky.

Why not give this "rosy shadow," then? Assuredly Mr. Ruskin, by his disclosures here and elsewhere, has, to all who think with us, immeasurably lessened the value of his favourite painter's landscapes, let him drape the falsities of local presentation with the fine name of "Turnerian Topography," or whatever else he will. We are told elsewhere that

He (Turner) was continually endeavouring to reconcile old fondness with new sublimities; and, as in Switzerland he chose rounded Alps for the love of Yorkshire, so in Yorkshire he exaggerated scale, in memory of Switzerland, and gave to Ingleborough, seen from Hornby Castle, in great part the expression of cloudy majesty and height which he had seen in the Alps from Grenoble.

Again, referring to a drawing of "Bolton Abbey and the River Wharfe,"

On the opposite shore is a singular jutting angle of the shales, forming the principal feature of the low cliffs at the water's edge. Turner fastens on it as the only available mass; draws it with notable care, and then magnifies it, by diminishing the trees on its top to one-fifth of their real size, so that what would else have been little more than a stony bank becomes a true precipice, on a scale completely suggestive of the heights behind. The hill beyond is in like manner lifted into a more rounded, but still precipitous, eminence, reaching the utmost admissible elevation of ten or twelve hundred feet (measurable by the trees upon it).

## DANGEROUS PRECIPICES.

Such precipices are among the most impressive as well as the most really dangerous of mountain ranges; in many spots inaccessible with safety either from below or from above; dark in colour, robed with everlasting mourning, for ever tottering like a great fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength, and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns and unhumiliated threatening; for ever incapable of comfort or of healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge, but, to the utmost, desolate; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind, nor of grass beside the stream—no motion but their own mortal shivering, the deathful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stones; knowing no sound of living voice or living tread, cheered neither by the kid's bleat nor the marmot's cry; haunted only by uninterrupted echoes from far off, wandering hither and thither among their walls, unable to escape, and by the hiss of angry torrents, and sometimes the shriek of a bird that sits near the face of them, and sweeps frightened back from under their shadow into the gulph of air; and, sometimes, when the echo has fainted, and the wind has carried the sound of the torrent away, and the bird has vanished, and the mouldering stones are still for a little time—a brown moth, opening and shutting its wings upon a grain of dust, may be the only thing that moves, or feels, in all the waste of weary precipice, darkening five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven.

The two last chapters of this remarkable volume are entitled "The Mountain Gloom," and "The Mountain Glory," and these perhaps include the most forcible and interesting writing in the book, though we must add that the feeling

of high pressure so frequently communicated to us by Mr. Ruskin's eloquence is never absent while we read. After a gorgeous description of mountain scenery, we have this mournful account of the human beings who there inhabit:

The traveller on his happy journey, as his foot springs from the deep turf and strikes the pebbles gaily over the edge of the mountain road, sees with a glance of delight the clusters of nutbrown cottages that nestle among those sloping orchards, and glow beneath the boughs of the pines. Here, it may well seem to him, if there be sometimes hardship, there must be at least innocence and peace, and fellowship of the human soul with nature. It is not so. The wild goats that leap along those rocks have as much passion of joy in all that fair work of God as the men that toil among them. Perhaps more. Enter the street of one of those villages, and you will find it foul with that gloomy foulness that is suffered only by torpor, or by anguish of soul. Here it is torpor—not absolute suffering—not starvation or disease, but darkness of calm enduring; the spring known only as the time of the scythe, and the autumn as the time of the sickle, and the sun only as a warmth, the wind as a chill, and the mountains as a danger. They do not understand so much as the name of beauty or of knowledge. They understand dimly that of virtue. Love, patience, hospitality, faith—these things they know. To glean their meadows side by side, so happier; to bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank, un murmuringly; to bid the stranger drink from their vessel of milk; to see at the foot of their low deathbeds a pale figure upon a cross, dying also, patiently;—in these they are different from the cattle and from the stones, but in all this unrewarded as far as concerns the present life. For them there is neither hope nor passion of spirit; for them neither advance nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset; and life ebbs away. No books, no thoughts, no attainments, no rest; except only sometimes a little sitting in the sun under the church wall, as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air; a patterning of a few prayers, not understood, by the altar-rails of the dimly-gilded chapel, and so back to the sombre home, with the cloud upon them still unbroken—that cloud of rocky gloom, born out of the wild torrents and ruinous stones, and unlightened, even in their religion, except by the vague promise of some better thing unknown, mingled with threatening, and obscured by an unspeakable horror—a smoke, as it were, of martyrdom, curling up with the incense, and, amidst the images of tortured bodies and lamenting spirits in hurtling flames, the very cross, for them, dashed more deeply than for others with gouts of blood. Do not let this be thought a darkened picture of the life of these mountaineers. It is literal fact. No contrast can be more painful than that between the dwelling of any well-conducted English cottage, and that of the equally honest Savoyard. The one, set in the midst of its dull flat fields and uninteresting hedgerows, shows in itself the love of brightness and beauty; its daisy-studded garden-beds, its smoothly-swept brick path to the threshold, its freshly-sanded floor and orderly shelves of household furniture, all testify to energy of heart, and happiness in the simple course and simple possessions of daily life. The other cottage, in the midst of an inconceivable, inexpressible beauty, set on some sloping bank of golden sward, with clear fountains flowing beside it, and wild flowers, and noble trees, and goodly rocks gathered round into a perfection as of Paradise, is itself a dark and plague-like stain in the midst of the gentle landscape. Within a certain distance of its threshold the ground is foul and cattle-trampled; its timbers are black with smoke, its garden choked with weeds and nameless refuse, its chambers empty and joyless, the light and wind gleaming and filtering through the crannies of their stones. All testifies that to its inhabitant the world is labour and vanity; that for him neither flowers bloom, nor birds sing, nor fountains glisten; and that his soul hardly differs from the grey

cloud that coils and dies upon his hills, except in having no fold of it touched by the sunbeams.

After a digression on the opera and its "simulacra of peasants"—the spirit of which is obviously caught from Carlyle—we are led to consider the conditions which produce the mountain gloom; and first, in our author's opinion, it requires a race of men gifted with more imagination and sensibility than are usual in flat lands. Secondly, he thinks it is closely connected with Romanism; in the third place, with a diseased state of body; in the fourth, with rudeness of life; and, fifthly and lastly, familiarity with natural scenes of disorder and desolation. This definite parcelling and labelling of cause and effect—an amusement to which Mr. Ruskin is so given—appears to us to be in most cases an unprofitable occupation. We often feel that he could as easily find arguments against, as he has found them for, the peculiar views presented. To see him hereafter in the position of a vehement proselyte of the Church of Rome would not in the least surprise us; for it is very much in her spirit that he denounces her doctrines.

The chapter on the Mountain Glory claims the supremacy in "Religion, Art and Literature, War, and Social Economy" for the dwellers among mountains. We remember reading somewhere an argument that the chief proportion of great men have been produced by the Lowlands; and Mr. Ruskin is at great pains in the attempt to account for Shakspere, without throwing a slur upon Mountains, and thereupon slips into several pages of disjointed chat, curiously sprinkled with new and striking remarks. Moreover, he includes Browning and Professor Longfellow in one praise, as illustrators of the middle ages (and inexcusably garbles one of Browning's short poems), just as in his former volume he paired his adored Carlyle with—Mr. Arthur Helps.

The following note on Shakspere and Dante is profound and valuable.

Shakspere almost always implies a total difference in *nature* between one human being and another; one being from the birth pure and affectionate, another base and cruel; and he displays each, in its sphere, as having the nature of dove, wolf, or lion, never much implying the government or change of nature by any external principle. There can be no question that in the main he is right in this view of human nature; still, the other form of virtue does exist occasionally, and was never, as far as I recollect, taken much note of by him. And with this stern view of humanity Shakspere joined a sorrowful view of Fate, closely resembling that of the ancients. He is distinguished from Dante eminently by his always dwelling on last causes instead of first causes. Dante invariably points to the moment of the soul's choice which fixed its fate, to the instant of the day when it read no farther, or determined to give bad advice about Penestriano. But Shakspere always leans on the force of Fate, as it urges the final evil; and dwells with infinite bitterness on the power of the wicked, and the infinitude of result dependent seemingly on little things. A fool brings the last piece of news from Verona, and the dearest lives of its noble houses are lost; they might have been saved if the sacristan had not stumbled as he walked. Othello mislays his handkerchief, and there remains nothing for him but death. Hamlet gets hold of the wrong foil, and the rest is silence. Edmund's runner is a moment too late at the prison, and the feather will not move at Cordelia's lips. Salisbury a moment too late at the tower, and Arthur lies on the stones dead. Goneril and Iago have on the whole, in this world, Shakspere sees, much of their own way, though they come to a bad end. It is a pity that Death pierces the king's fortress wall with; and Carelessness and Folly sit sceptred and dreadful, side by side with the pin-armed skeleton.

Our mountain-lover speaks sadly of the ever-increasing flood of tourists that are deteriorating the character of the Swiss peasant, and even of the Swiss scenery.

I could say much on this subject if I had any hope of doing good by saying anything. But I have none. The influx of foreigners into Switzerland must necessarily be greater every year, and the greater it is the larger, in the crowd, will be the majority of persons whose objects in travelling will be, first, to get as fast as possible from place to place; and, secondly, at every place where they arrive, to obtain the kind of accommodation and amusement to which they are accustomed in Paris, London, Brighton, or Baden. Railroads are already projected round the head of the Lake of Geneva, and through the town of Fribourg; the head of the Lake of Geneva being precisely and accurately the one spot of Europe whose character and influence on human mind are special; and unreplaceable if destroyed, no other spot resembling, or being in any wise comparable to it, in its peculiar way: while the town of Fribourg is in like manner the only mediæval mountain town of importance left

to us; Innspruck and such others being wholly modern, while Fribourg yet retains much of the aspect it had in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Valley of Chamouni, another spot also unique in its way, is rapidly being turned into a kind of Cremorne Gardens; and I can foresee, within the perspective of but few years, the town of Lucerne consisting of a row of symmetrical hotels round the foot of the lake, its old bridges destroyed, an iron one built over the Reuss, and an acacia promenade carried along the lake shore, with a German band playing under a Chinese temple at the end of it, and the enlightened travellers, representatives of European civilisation, performing before the Alps, in each afternoon summer sunlight, in their modern manner, the Dance of Death. All this is inevitable; and it has its good as well as its evil side.

Yet,

If there be any truth in the impression which I have always felt, and just now endeavoured to enforce, that the mountains of the earth are its natural cathedrals, or natural altars, overlaid with gold, and bright with brodered work of flowers, and with their clouds resting on them as the smoke of a continual sacrifice, it may surely be a question with some of us whether the tables of the money-changer, however fit and commendable they may be as furniture in other places, are precisely the things which it is the whole duty of man to get well set up in the mountain temple.

A certain shadow and mournfulness come upon us while reading the splendid pages of this author. We feel cowed, humbled, enslaved by the dominant majesty of the material universe. Our delight and wonder are not sustained and uplifted by the lofty and triumphant spirit of faith which emanates from every sentence of a greater than Ruskin—Emerson; who constantly and simply connects our human life with that Power which works in duration, "wherein Alps and Andes come and vanish like rainbows;" instructs us that "the foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit. But the element of spirit is eternity;" and that "if the Reason be stimulated to more earnest vision, outlines and surfaces become transparent, and are no longer seen; causes and spirit are seen through them. The best, the happiest moments of life are these delicious awakenings of the higher powers, and the reverential withdrawing of nature before its God." No writer can be more opposed, verbally, to Materialism than Mr. Ruskin; yet a cold and mournful breath, from what he himself calls "the cloud," passes shuddering over his brightest landscapes.

## PHILOSOPHY.

*Contributions to the Cause of Education.* By JAMES PILLANS. London. 1856.

SUCH works as this of Professor Pillans, though welcome and important, yet lose much of their interest and value from overlooking that larger life, apart from which as there cannot be a nation so neither can there be a national education. Those influences so diversified, so rich, and so powerful, which stir, impress, fertilise, and develop a nation's being, are surely what alone should be called education, and the schoolmaster, however worthy and needful, should always be placed far below a breathing and bounteous universe. The child, from the moment it is born, is the citizen of two kingdoms—his country, with its lavish dower of poetical traditions and patriotic enthusiasms, and God's infinitude, with its exhaustless food to his longings for the ideal, the immortal, the mysterious, and the unseen. The instruments and institutions for what in a more limited and technical sense is called education are perfect, or the contrary, just in so far as they do or do not harmonise with the abounding agencies of those two kingdoms. Hence nine-tenths of the books with which we are deluged on the subject of education, besides being insufferably tedious, are absolutely useless, from habitually viewing and picturing the school as a little world with which broader and more beautiful worlds have nothing to do. There should be no solution in the continuity of child's existence, no break in the melody thereof. Work, and hardship, and sorrow belong to the human lot. But why should there be in addition disruption, dismemberment, an artificial chaos from which the four grim walls of a college are offered as the only place of safety? We have had frequent occasion to protest against the tendency of our modern civilisation to pulverise colossal stupendous aggregates into puniest details. In nothing do we lament the tragical effect of that tendency more than in education. To see that fresh, and opulent, and sacred thing,

a child's nature, torn and crushed by ten thousand pedantries, is more terrible to the religious heart than the revolutions of mightiest empires. For when one throne is pulled down a grander, to the loud and ardent acclaim of millions, can be built up. But who will restore to the lily its bloom when its stalk is broken? And who will bring back to the child his fruitfulness, joyousness, loveliness of soul, when stupidity, incompetency, and quackery have by turns been mangling it and making it barren? How often have we asked such questions. Shall we for ever ask them in vain?

Mr. Pillans has for many years been Professor of Latin at the University of Edinburgh, having been previously the Rector of the High School there. A man who has been for nearly half a century the teacher and interpreter of words is apt to overrate their importance when compared with things. Hence a further narrowing of whatever attractiveness and suggestiveness this volume might otherwise have had. We feel as if we were treading throughout on the dry bones of alphabets, on the mummies of parts of speech; we breathe with pain between the ghastliness of a grammar and the dust of a dictionary; and we are in sore terror lest the light of heaven should depart and leave us to perish among the tombs.

Unfortunately, also, Professor Pillans writes one of those clear and correct, but cold and colourless styles which repel even where we encounter, what we meet not here, weight of thought and originality of idea. The worst style is what is usually called a good style—that is to say, a style critically accurate, formed after Latin models and the *Edinburgh Review*. We are afraid that none but natives of Edinburgh or pure Whigs will ever find it to their taste. It is as once so prim and so ponderous that it seems as if nothing but platitudes should be uttered in it; and we are not astonished to discover nothing but platitudes uttered in it accordingly. It is the style which Lord John Russell has always spoken, and which he has tried without success to write. For this we may confidently say of him, that as an author he has never been able to acquire a style at all.

As this huge octavo, moreover, consists almost exclusively of matter which in one shape or another Professor Pillans had already given to the world, the force of the previous objections is hereby augmented. Even the highest genius is scarcely ever able to bestow abiding vitality on what was produced for a local and temporary purpose. The better it achieved such a purpose, the worse fitted must it in general be for wider and more lasting dominion. We are far from believing that Professor Pillans has been induced to collect into a volume what he names his *Contributions to the Cause of Education* from literary vanity. We are convinced on the contrary, that they are honestly, zealously, unselfishly meant to serve the same objects they were originally intended to promote. Nevertheless, we wish that Professor Pillans had not been at such pains in collecting his fugitive leaves, but that he had offered us instead hints, which we should have readily and gratefully accepted from a teacher so distinguished and experienced, on our present educational needs and the best mode of supplying them. Who now cares for the Reform Bill and the battles by which it was gained? But our political attitude, emotions, and opinions have not changed more in a quarter of a century than our views in reference to Education, superficially as education is still studied and little as it is understood.

Notwithstanding these considerable drawbacks, we deem this volume of sufficient value to recommend it, though only to teachers. Its interest is almost exclusively professional, or rather pedagogical in the better sense of that word. There is a large class of teachers at the present day who, though incapable of originating, and who, though too cautious to innovate extensively, are yet inclined to improve existing methods, however opposed they might be to their entire rejection. It is for timid reformers of this kind that Mr. Pillans writes and has written. They will read him no less with relish than with benefit. What renders him dull to others will render him attractive to them. To new methods and new systems Mr. Pillans and such as he do not bring us much nearer. The first step toward a thorough revolution would be the uprooting of the metaphysical character which ever since the time of the scholastic philosophy education has assumed. Why should the child be looked at

only as a metaphysician? Why should he not rather be looked at as the future man who has a work to do? What in schools and universities, as schools and universities are at present constituted, that is not a metaphysical process, or a metaphysical instrument? A grammar, however simple, is one of the most metaphysical of books; and it would be more correct to regard a dictionary as a vast metaphysical warehouse than anything else. You assail and torment the child, from the beginning of what you call his education, with the deepest problems of philosophy. No analysis so acute, no definition so precise, which you do not require him to follow. He is to be judge and critic, and logician and casuist, before he has learned the very rudiments of thinking! But, without speaking of thought in its supremest degrees and its most strenuous efforts, it is not chiefly as a thinker that he is entrusted to your care. In storing his mind, in disciplining his character, you have surely laboured enough, without bewildering him with a thousand subtleties which wisdom passes by either in contempt or in despair. Mr. Pillans speaks as if one main fault, one main hardship in education, were that the child acquires through memory and in a mechanical manner so much that he does not understand. A more flagrant fault, a more killing hardship, is that he should be expected to understand so much, that he should be treated as a mere creature of understanding. We are far from contending that the evil of which Mr. Pillans speaks is a small one; but it is not worthy of being dwelt on or mentioned in comparison of that which we are denouncing. Education, like religion, is a life. In education, as in religion, life should be received from, and life should be communicated to, whatever is approached. The child should learn without being conscious that he is learning. He should never know that he has an intellect. To teach, as is customary, reading, writing, and arithmetic first seems to us a radical mistake. Pictures, forms, colours, food for the imagination—these the child yearns for, and these you should abundantly offer him. What interests the child earliest and vividest next to his native valley? Is it not the sky above and the sea and the mountain around? His native valley then is his primer, and that sky, that sea, and that mountain should be the books to which you introduce him after the primer has been mastered—books with which he should be perfectly familiar before any printed books are placed in his hands. Foremost, therefore, should march the geography of his fatherland in connection with its history. Then should follow so much of astronomy as a child would instinctively pant for, when he gazes with reverence, rapture, and wonder, from the scene which he has longest trod and warmest loves to the mystery of the Heavens. Thereafter would quickly come the countries the most related to his own, with whatever was most striking in their geographical, historical, and astronomical aspects. Forthwith would appear the remaining countries of the world. And when all modern regions and modern times had been surveyed, ancient regions and ancient times would in their awfulness and beauty be unveiled. out of these pictorial and poetical presents of geography, history, and astronomy, how much of suggestive and inspiring would flow toward innumerable other things! To what realm after his own is the eager eye of the English child more drawn than toward India? Placing him on the Indian soil, bathing him in the Indian rivers, feasting his blood with the Indian sun, how many avenues do you open, how many treasures do you disclose to his senses and his phantasy, besides those of a strictly geographical, historical, and astronomical kind. Geography treats of more than districts and their boundaries, of cities and their dwellers; history of more than those primordial events that have culminated through the ages; astronomy of more than the stars in their lustre, of the planets in their courses. In that miracle of exuberance, of transformation, of vitality, India, who would too nicely fix the limits beyond which one thing must not pass into another? India, then for the child, would lead far away from itself, both in time and in space. Indeed, we cannot conceive of a true teacher who should not be infinitely digressive, at once through the poetry, the opulence, and the catholicity of his soul. Printed books discarded, the child should simply feel that he stood face to face with a great painter, a great magician, who made the past and the distant as

fresh, as radiant, as organic as the present and the near. For want of this man with divine genius and divine sympathy to discourse to him, the child is obliged in after days, to scramble for that wretched representative of living fact, information. The principal charm of missionary magazines to so many is, that they sketch vigorously, though coarsely, scenes strange and fair ten thousand miles from the reader's home, and weave round him a gorgeous garment of romance rich with the hues of tropical climes, after the romance of his own pilgrimage has perished. And even in the trashiest of our cheap periodicals, amid so much that is offensive to taste and hostile to whatever we are accustomed to revere, to what does the frivolous, or it may be the depraved, heart so instinctively turn as to adventures on the wild ocean and the wide savannah? The narrative of such adventures it is sure to prefer to exciting, seductive fictions by Dumas or by Sue. And perhaps the relations of voyage and travel with which English literature so healthily overflows do much more than is usually supposed to antagonise both the hardness of our industrialisms and the narrowness of our utilitarianisms, just as it is certain that Shakspere alone, even were there no other, would be a perpetual bulwark against those puritanic excesses with which we are from time to time threatened. Now our ideal of the teacher demands a combination of genial nature and of prompt and prodigal faculty in one who had either actually or in imagination journeyed everywhere, and who enabled many a happy child to journey with him. How, at the voice, at the touch of so potent an enchanter, India would leap into eloquent glow and tint and swarming metamorphosis, from the Himalayas to Ceylon, and from the oldest days of gods and demigods down to our own! How conqueror after conqueror has passed over those plains, which seem as insatiate in their thirst of blood as of water! But what did those conquerors typify and incarnate? Sometimes the force of a nation and sometimes the force of a religion. But what is a nation and what is a religion? No simple thing—an immense complexity. And here would come animated portraiture of the various stages through which a nation passes—of the various phases which a religion assumes. No moralising, however—no philosophising; still painting, painting evermore—painting and the victorious wave of the magician's wand—the child enthroning himself more and more in wonder as his legitimate domain. But wonder would not cease to operate if the child saw that the Hindoo's religion was closely interwoven with the Hindoo's climate, with the features of his country, and with its vegetable and animal productions. Hindooostan's million deities, and their million changes of form and of attribute, are but Hindooostan in its pouring plenitude, in its magnificent fecundity. What so natural then as that the child, after having gazed on the million deities and their million transfigurations, should throb to every throbbing in the veins of her who is the mother of so many deities—Hindooostan? From the tales of avatars, therefore, he would impetuously bound to commune and to blend with the avatar of avatars—the gush and fever of prolific energy in the woods and in the waters. But when he had nurtured his eager glance with the monsters of the deep and the tyrants of the jungle, with the lavishness of growth and of movement everywhere, man and man's affairs would again flash on his eye. He would ask why Delhi is decaying, and why Calcutta and other cities, but a few generations ago paltry villages, are now the rivals of London and New York? He would ask how a handful of islanders from the north have ascended to the mastery of this enormous empire? And he would learn that the power of industry is now as stupendous and invincible as the power of arms. But what is industry? What revolutions has it undergone? How are these related to other profounder revolutions, political, moral, and religious? He would scarcely have received answers to these questions when he would inquire what is race, and what is climate, and what is costume, and how man's outward and inward existence are related to each other. For in India there are many races, and some races the Indian climate dominates, and some dominate the climate, and to some climate alone seems law for costume, and to some costume is one of innumerable symbols. Then would arise the mighty interrogation, What is to be the fate of India? And out of the poetic would come the prophetic, with which it is so closely connected.

We should allow the child to be inquisitive and speculative just to the extent that pictures could render him so. While giving no prominence to the intellect, we should not stifle it, but permit it to fulfil its natural functions. Now, the intellect is inquisitive and speculative, but not naturally rationalistic; and it is the rationalistic audacities and loquacities of the metaphysical, not its earnest ponderings, that we would wish the child to shun. With a teacher discursively pictorial and poetical, and with a child discursively inquisitive and speculative, what a prodigious encyclopaedia of being would be traversed! Analogy and the association of ideas would play important parts, so that the glad and strong imagination, while continually escaping from India or any other country, would be continually returning thereto. Thus if in India costume were sometimes found to be a symbol, and especially a religious symbol, quick and vigorous would the longing be to know what symbols—what religious symbols—have been in every age and in every land. Through symbols the child would climb to the zodiac, to the constellations; would perceive that the names given to the signs of the zodiac were not mere caprices, but were gorgeous portals through which the soul of old had drawn near to its God. And descending from the zodiac and the constellations, but with the glory of both still on its brow, the child would become aware of an ancient, of a richer and wiser philosophy than we possess in these degenerate days; of a philosophy not divorced from religion, not warring therewith, but clinging to religion as to a more beautiful and loving sister. Through such teaching as that which we have now roughly outlined the child would be the same unbroken and opulent synthesis as the universe itself. It has been the merit of Pestalozzi and his followers to insist on teaching by objects; but they have seldom got further than offering each object by itself. Now the excellence of our own scheme in comparison would be that the child should hear neither of separate objects nor of separate arts and sciences. He would insensibly become acquainted with music and the history of music, just as he becomes acquainted with the blossoms by beholding day after day the tree. Just as insensibly should the merest mechanical parts of instruction be begun and carried on. Indeed, the child would of his own accord teach himself these, at once inspired and enlightened by the glowing pictures of the teacher. For the teacher could not discourse of man's first rude attempts to form letters on bark or on leaves, or to chisel inscriptions on the rock, without stimulating the child to acquire the arts of reading and writing. Thus much which is exhausting drudgery now would then be supremest delight; the child would be monarch of all nature, and through all nature God would be gleaming; there would be no severance of the secular and the sacred, for everything would be sacred; there would be nothing common, nothing unclean.

To a reformation so momentous the grand prelude must be the general diffusion of the faith that it requires more genius to educate the child than to educate the man. For the education of the man we demand Shakspere, and Homers, and Scotts: for the education of the child we are satisfied with the paltriest pedants—with every miscellaneous adventurer, the most ignorant, the most stupid, or the most depraved. Before we have education we must have educators: and educators we cannot have till we honour and reward them more than all others—more even than our priests, our judges, our statesmen, and our kings.

ATTICUS.

## HISTORY.

*The European Revolutions of 1848.* By E. S. CAYLEY. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

WHETHER these volumes will be praised or blamed by any individual reader depends much on the opinions he entertains concerning the manner in which history should be written. If he demand that the historian should always appear in cap and gown, and show at every step the stately advance of the philosopher, he will be disappointed. If on the other hand he is content to take a somewhat jaunty survey of the bouleversement of thrones and powers, and to be amused with occasional "bits" of exquisite satire, by all means let him speedily become acquainted with Mr. Cayley's work. Generally

speaking, we think that literary men will not give their suffrages in its favour, but that that very large class who desire to unite information with amusement will be delighted with it.

We should gladly embrace the opportunity afforded by this presumed divergence between these classes of readers, to examine the justice of those conventional canons by which writers of history are tried. The established rule appears to be that the historian is to choose for himself some one point of view from which the events he records are to be regarded. Precedent affords next to unanimous sanction to this mode of procedure. We recognise in Thucydides a constant sense of the dangers to a state engendered by internal disputes; in Tacitus all political evils are traceable to the loss of popular liberty; Sir A. Alison has been satirised for showing that "Providence is always on the side of the Tories"; while Mr. Macaulay surveys the national life from the pedestal on which William III., the object of his idolatry, stands like a demigod. We have thus become accustomed to expect from the writers of history the enunciation of certain definite principles of political philosophy, by which the recorded phenomena may be explained. At the same time, we cannot forget that old truism—"No nation ever yet learned wisdom from history;" and we are naturally led to inquire whether this result is attributable to obtuseness of national intellects, or to the inaptitude of our histories to produce the desired effect. Here we open a subject for discussion which our space forbids us to pursue; suffice it to say that our thoughts have been directed to it by the perusal of the volumes before us. Mr. Cayley certainly does not fulfil the conditions spoken of—he cannot claim the position of a national instructor. In justice to him, it must be added that he makes no pretence to the character; he does not profess to rise to "the dignity of history." He takes us, as it were, down to the sea-shore, points to the rolling waves first tipped with foam, and then rushing onwards in resistless surf; directs attention to the wrecks that lie scattered on every side; commiserates the destruction of life and property; and, as the *rari nantes* are beheld buffeting the stupendous surges, our hearts grow cold at

#### The cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony:

—but at the causes of these convulsions, whether the boisterous east wind or the subaqueous volcano has thrust the ocean from its placidity, we are left to guess. Facts there are in abundance, but reasons are too scanty. We might give many examples of this deficiency. Take one at hap-hazard. In regard to the dethronement of Louis Philippe, Mr. Cayley speaks thus of the Spanish marriages:—

The Spanish marriages, too, had been made a handle against the King. When he refused to disturb Europe, in order to gratify the love of his subjects for a fictitious glory, he cared nothing for the glory of France. When he endeavoured by intrigue, but a peaceable one, to marry French prince to a Spanish princess, regarded as the eventual heiress of the Spanish throne, and thus to increase the influence of France, it was charged upon him as mere personal ambition and family aggrandisement. It is not intended to defend his behaviour in the matter, which was not becoming in a gentleman, a king, or a diplomatist. But it was not his subjects who had most reason to complain of it.

Now, how jejune is all this. What! did not the fact of these Spanish marriages engender a coolness between Louis-Philippe and England? Was not the veteran intriguer by this very circumstance thrown more into the arms of the despotic sovereigns of Europe? Did not a repugnance to all liberal policy result from this new-born friendship? And was not this retrogressive spirit one of, if not the chief, cause of the revolution? We may be wrong; but to us it has always seemed a most distinctive act of providential retribution, that Louis-Philippe lost his crown mainly because he inflicted that fearful injury on the domestic peace of the Spanish Queen (the effects of which are perhaps yet to be felt in all their fulness) merely for the sake of his son's aggrandisement.

It is, then, in the shallowness of his philosophy that is perceived Mr. Cayley's deficiency. In every other respect his volumes are charming. We make one quotation illustrative of his great power of satire. He thus describes

#### THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

No sooner was the Pope placed again on his temporal throne by the help, as it has been seen, of the very unspiritual thunder of the French cannon,

while Spain landed other troops at one end of his dominions to assist him, and Austria occupied the other; than he turned his attention to the benighted and uncivilised regions inhabited by the Anglo-Norman race, who, as all the world knows, are heretical, and in consequence have never reached that pitch of perfection, prosperity, wealth, or power enjoyed by the blissful regions of faithful Spain, Italy, and Ireland. Having our unfortunate condition before his eyes, and desiring to minister to our wants, and moreover finding that his spiritual artillery had very little effect on his immediate neighbours or subjects, it occurred to him to try the experiment of a longer range; and having discharged from a huge piece of spiritual ordnance a projectile of fearful magnitude, and of a most explosive character, over the heads of astonished Europe, it alighted with a mighty commotion in these islands. It was greeted with a grand and verbose epistle from the prime minister to the Bishop of Durham. The whole clergy of the Church were up in arms militant. The establishment of bishops, and a hierarchy called "Catholic," in a country already occupied by a branch of the Catholic Church, was rank schism. Then a shout arose from the populace, and desperate no-Popery uproar. All this was utterly futile, owing to the fear of the Irish brigade, which paralysed the minister when he had time to reflect. The result must have been very gratifying to the Papal mind; the weapon had gone off this time; the shot had told; his thunder was not at all unserviceable; this shell had exploded fairly in the midst of the enemy.

ties in studying this part of Scripture. These difficulties, however, he believes that he has solved, and he now comes forward to let us know the result of his investigations. In this work he proposes "to show that the Biblical narratives of Creation and the Fall are to be interpreted as literal historical statements, in opposition to such as regard them as poetry, allegory, or mythology; moreover, that they constitute an integral and indeed a fundamental part of the divinely inspired word, and are not the product of human speculation or discovery." Mr. Macdonald commences his work with a brief historical review of the "various interpretations of these narratives current at different periods in the history of the Church." Such were the Jewish interpretations, those of the early Christians, of the middle ages, of the reformation period to the close of the seventeenth century, and "those from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present time." He then proceeds to characterise and classify the leading objections to the Biblical narrative. This he does under the three heads of Critical, Archeological, and Scientific objections. "The three sections which immediately follow are devoted to—a vindication of the internal unity of these chapters from the attacks of the fragmentary criticism; a comparison of the Biblical account of creation with heathen cosmogonies, in order to show the distinguishing peculiarities of the former; and a comparison of the Biblical account of creation with the findings of modern science with the view of showing that there is no contradiction between the works, and what claim to be the words, of the Creator and Governor of the Universe." Mr. Macdonald in the course of his vindication shows considerable learning and acuteness. He writes with perfect confidence in the correctness of his views, without misrepresenting those of his adversaries, and has, in fact, established for himself the character of a sound Biblical critic, both by his vindication and the exposition by which it is followed.

Biblical chronology is a subject upon which much attention has been recently bestowed by the learned. Many of the works, however, relating to it, are either in foreign languages, or so expensive, or so much beyond the comprehension of the ordinary reader, as to be of little general use. We have, therefore, much pleasure in recommending the following treatise, which is both brief and inexpensive. A *Dissertation on Sacred Chronology, containing Scripture Evidence to show that the Creation of Man took place 5833 years before Christ. To which is added an arrangement of the Dynasties of Manetho, on a principle which renders Egyptian and Bible Chronology perfectly harmonious.* By the Rev. NATHAN ROUSE (London: Longmans).—It is the object of this work to show that the commonly received chronology, which refers the creation of man to the year 4004 B.C., is erroneous, and that the true Biblical computation carries it nearly 2000 years farther back. "The common system of chronology," says Mr. Rouse, "taught in the pulpits and schools of this country, and which has unfortunately been inserted in the margin of our Bibles, is that of Archbishop Usher. This system owes its extensive prevalence partly to the influence of a great name, and partly to an anti-papistical prejudice. As a system founded upon evidence and argument, it is miserably defective and erroneous; and its inconsistency with the sacred oracles, and even with common sense, is obvious to every one who has impartially examined it." So far is this the case that chronologers generally, as Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hales, Bishop Russell, and others, all of them men of orthodox views, have abandoned it, and carried back the event to about 1500 years earlier. Mr. Rouse antedates it still farther, and gives many excellent reasons for doing so. In making his computations he relies principally on the Septuagint chronology, in opposition to that of Usher, which he contends is based upon "the chronological corruptions of the unprincipled Jewish Rabbis."

*Biblical Revision: Considerations in Favour of a Revised Translation of Holy Scripture.* By EDWARD SLATER. (London: Shaw.)—Several powerful arguments in favour of a revised translation are adduced in this pamphlet. In support of his views, the author quotes numerous instances of mistranslation or defective translation, both from the Old and New Testaments, and concludes by expressing "a most fervent hope that this great work may signalise the reign of our beloved Queen."

*Israel in the Past, Present, and the Future; or, Lectures on the Restoration of the Jews.* By THOMAS HUTTON, F.G.S., Captain, Bengal Army (Edinburgh: Moodie and Lohman).—Captain Hutton has penned this work to combat what he calls "the unsound and airy visions of the day in regard to the promised restoration of Israel." And certainly, as it appears to us, it is high time that we should have done with the sickly sentimentalism that prevails, and the crude speculations put forth upon the subject. It is his object "to prove, on solid Scriptural grounds, that there cannot possibly be a literal restoration of the Jewish people, as a nation, to earthly independence and prosperity; that no such restoration is anywhere predicted by the Jewish prophets, the thing signified by them being the restoration of the spiritual Israel, or *believing man*, to his lost inheritance; and that Christ's visible reign upon the renovated earth will

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*The Lives and Works of Michael Angelo and Raphael.* By R. DUPPA and QUATREMERÉ DE QUINCY. London: Bohn.

MR. WM. HAZLITT is the editor or translator of these biographies. The life of Michael Angelo, by Mr. Dupper, is well known as the best that has been written, and Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted it, only translating the extracts from Italian works which Mr. Dupper had cited *verbatim*. M. de Quincey's life of Raphael has a great reputation on the Continent, and that Mr. Hazlitt has translated, adding many valuable notes, which, we presume, are his own researches. The volume is adorned with no less than fifteen engravings of the productions of the two great artists whose lives are narrated. The volume is one of Bohn's "Illustrated Library," and as such it is accessible to all readers from its cheapness. It needs, therefore, no other commendation than this account of its origin.

#### RELIGION.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Creation and the Fall: a Defence and Exposition of the First Three Chapters of Genesis.* By the Rev. DONALD MACDONALD, M.A., Minister of the Free Church, Edinburgh. (Edinburgh: Constable and Co.)—"Nihil pulchrum Genesi, nihil utilius!" Such was the opinion of Luther with reference to the first book of Holy Scripture, uttered by him at a time when men's minds were not agitated by the doubts and speculations of modern philosophers respecting the Mosaic cosmogony. At present things are far different. It is but rarely that we find a writer professing implicit faith in the Scripture account of the Creation—content to receive it in all its majestic simplicity. Mr. Macdonald is one of the faithful few who stand by the narrative of the sacred penman. Not but that, like others, he at one time felt difficult

not occur until after his return 'at the last day' of time, to judge the living and the dead; and that then he will reign, not as the mediator Christ, but as God the Father."

The heads of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," alias "Irvingites," have issued a circular—addressed *To all who profess the faith of Christ, and especially to the Bishops, Priests and Deacons, and as many as exercise rule or ministry in the Church of God*—and subscribed "From the Angels ordained over Churches in England by the Apostles of the Lord, with the Priests, Deacons, and people under their charge." In this circular the writers call attention to the depravity of the age, the lukewarmness of the Church, and the feeling prevalent in the minds of a great many pious Christians that the present dispensation is drawing to a close. All things, they say, appear to indicate an approaching time of trial both for the world and the Church—"that a day of sorrow and perplexity, a day of tribulation, such as was not from the beginning of the world, awaits us; even that hour of temptation, which cometh upon all the world, when all they that dwell upon the earth shall be tried with cruel persecutions, and with seductions so subtle, that, if it were possible, the very elect should be deceived." As a refuge in the coming storm they invite all baptised persons to enter into communion with the "Catholic Apostolic Church," as one which more nearly resembles the primitive model than any at present existing. They then proceed to explain its organisation. Its principal features are, the revival of the offices of Apostle, Prophet, and Evangelist, liturgy framed in conformity with the Word of God and the usages of the primitive Church, and a provision for the support of ministers by means of tithes. "In each particular Church the angel or bishop is chief pastor. Upon him, under the apostles, rests the government of that Church; and with him, and under him, the other ministers, whether of the priesthood or of the deaconship, discharge their several functions in the House of God. To the priests are assigned the several offices of elder, prophet, evangelist, and pastor, each fulfilling those duties for which his peculiar gifts may qualify him: and by these means, principally, the four ministries, given for the perfecting of the saints and for the edifying of the body of Christ, are applied to the practical benefit of individual Christians—a benefit derived from the correspondence of those ministries with the various characters and spiritual wants of the people. The deacons, trustees of the gifts and offerings of the people, are chosen by the people, according to the original injunction of the Apostles. Deaconship is the true safeguard of the Church against the excesses of communism on the one side, and the neglect and destitution of the poor on the other." Besides this, they admit of voluntary confession and absolution; while, "for the relief of the sick, the scriptural rite of anointing with oil in the name of the Lord is resorted to in faith and reverence: and its divine efficacy has been attested by many instances of the recovery of health, and of deliverance from imminent death." In all this nothing is said of the extraordinary gift of tongues arrogated to itself by this sect when it originated some twenty years ago, unless, perhaps, it is alluded to in the following sentence: "Nor are there wanting in our assemblies gifts of prophecy, in the exercise of which those so endowed speak to us, in utterance of the Holy Ghost, to edification and exhortation and comfort." In conclusion, we must observe that this document is drawn up with much ability, and in an affectionate, earnest tone. We have thought proper to bring it under the notice of our readers, since the body from which it issues is daily increasing in numbers, wealth, and respectability; and we think it worth while that its pretensions should be sifted and its arguments answered by some of our clerical friends.

Of a totally different character from the preceding are these two publications: viz.—*Theology for the People; or, a Series of Short Papers suggestive of Religious Theism*. By E. DE PENTHENY O'KELLY, Esq. (London: Holvoake and Co.); and *A Few Fallacies of the Faith, briefly and respectfully indicated in Five Suggestive Letters. With a Postscript*. By S. C. FREEMAN. (London: Fox.) Mr. O'Kelly is a rationalist, whose papers, here collected, were originally published in a freethinking periodical called *The Reasoner*. They embrace a variety of subjects, and have an air of philosophy about them, while they are at the same time flippant, arrogant, and shallow. Mr. Freeman writes with a greater amount of respect for what he considers the weaknesses and prejudices of modern Christians. We cannot, however, by any means, indorse his opinions. He objects, for instance, to social prayer. He objects, also, to "regarding the Bible as a book exactly and unexceptionably suited for all times, places, and circumstances of Christian humanity—nay, even of humanity *in se et per se*." Further on he says—"No portion of it was written for modern Christendom." After such an assertion need we proceed farther?

*The Papal Conspiracy Exposed; or, the Romish Corporation Dangerous to the Political Liberty and Social Interests of Man.* By EDWARD BEECHER, D.D., Boston. With preface by JAMES BEGG, D.D. (Edinburgh: Nichol).—In the United States, no less than in England, Romanism has made considerable progress during the last few years. With that feeling of

fair play which characterises both countries, we have allowed its advocates to use almost any means to obtain converts. The pretensions, however, which they put forth, are occasionally so arrogant as to call up the champions not only of pure religion but of civil liberty and social progress, lest it might be supposed by simple persons, through their remaining unanswered, that they rested upon something like a foundation of truth. It is with this view that Dr. Beecher has penned this work, which we must look upon as an exceedingly valuable one. It contains a vast array of facts, both with respect to the past history and the present organisation and designs of Romanism all over the world—and more especially respecting its antagonistic attitude to political and social freedom in England and America. We quite agree with Dr. Begg in thinking that "a great service would be done by requesting all intelligent laymen to peruse such a work as this, the republication of which we regard as an important service done to the Protestantism of Britain."

## MEDICINE.

*Physicians and Physic: Three Addresses.* By JAMES Y. SIMPSON, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medicine and Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, &c. &c. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1856.

It is just two months since we introduced to the notice of our readers in these pages the important subject of the duties of young physicians and their prospects, and of the present state of the practice of physic in England and America. That we revert to it again so soon is not owing to our having discovered anything new or more effectually expounded in the publication we now announce, and which has just left the Edinburgh press, but simply in consideration of the name which its title page discloses.

Many of our readers, and undoubtedly all those of the medical profession, know that Professor, or, as he is more generally called, Doctor Simpson, of Edinburgh, has made for himself a renown which depends principally on his fearless advocacy of the use of chloroform during parturition, and on his equally unswerving patronage of the *speculum* and its multifarious applications. Not content with the exposition of the elements and precepts of midwifery, of which he is the appointed professor in the northern university, Dr. Simpson has divulged many singular doctrines on obstetrical questions, which, adopted by many young accoucheurs in London, as well as in Edinburgh, have led to innovations that have excited much clamour and dissatisfaction. Hence the many protests that have appeared both in books and medical journals against the Scotto-English obstetrical school, and by inference, against its nominal chief. The question of the real value of his novel practices and doctrines, or of their detrimental tendency (as many have asserted), is not yet settled. In the mean time the *Chief* enjoys undismayed his unprecedented popularity, and sees the hotels and flats of the principal lodging-houses of his native city thronged with lady-patients from all parts of the empire.

Does all this entitle Dr. Simpson to assume the character of a cathedral expounder of medical ethics? Has he qualified himself like a Gregory, a Heberden, or a Gilbert Blane, for such an office? By the tenor of the three addresses now before us we can only give a qualified answer to the questions. The first of these addresses, it appears, was delivered as far back as fourteen years ago. It professes to teach their duties to young physicians. "You must assiduously enrich and extend your store of professional knowledge by continued and constant observation, reflection, and reading." "In struggling onwards towards fame and fortune in the practice of your art, place, from the first, all your hopes of advancement upon the breadth and extent of your medical abilities alone. If any of you have the foolishness and temerity to trust for professional success to other means, be assured that you are embarking your hopes in frail and faithless vessels." This is all true, and has been said many times before; but what follows is not of the same class, and none knows it better than the author himself. "The patronage of power and wealth may advance your prospects to some extent, but without genuine talent they can never advance you far, and they can never advance you with certainty." The very condition of the medical hierarchy in these days, in the three capitals of the empire, gainsays all this as a general proposition. We recollect hearing Dr. Baillie declare to young aspiring physicians that

it was quite a chance as to who would be at the head of the profession—meaning in the first practice—"a dunce oftener than not, if he be a pet of the ladies or a favourite of men in high places." Do we not see it every day? The next hint has much truth in it:—

Young physicians often dream that by extending the circle of their private acquaintances, they thus afford themselves the best chance of extending the circle of their private patients. In following out this chimerical view, much invaluable time is frequently lost, and—what is worse—habits of pleasure and indolence are often, with fatal effect, substituted for those habits of study and exertion that are above all price. No man will in any case of doubt or danger entrust to your professional care the guardianship of his own life, or of the life of those who are near and dear to his heart, merely because you happen to be on terms of intimacy with him. The self-interest of human nature forbids it. To have professional faith and confidence in you, he must respect you in your calling as a physician, and not merely in your character as a social friend and companion. The qualities for which he might esteem you in the latter capacity are often the very reverse of those which would induce him to confide in you in the former. The accomplishments which may render you acceptable in the drawing-room are not always those that should make your visits longed for and valued in the chamber of sickness and sorrow. I repeat, therefore, that if you dream of making patients by making friends, you will utterly delude yourselves and damage your own prospects.

In this or somewhat similar strain does the author throw out his suggestions to young physicians respecting their future conduct in life; dwelling especially on the formation of habit, the duties and relations to patients, and those to medical brethren—whom he tells them to emulate but not to envy, despising calumny at the same time, and resisting temptations that may lure from the path of professional rectitude. "Your future career is a matter of your own selection, and will be regulated by the conduct which you may choose to follow. The career may be one of happiness or self-regret—one of honour or obscurity, one of wealth or poverty." During it, adds emphatically the teacher, the present hopes of professional fame and fortune that breathe in the breast of all of you may be won or lost—may be fulfilled or falsified—may nobly realised or ignobly ruined.

The second address of Dr. Simpson is much more recent, and comes necessarily invested with that greater degree of authority which he has achieved for himself in the course of fourteen years of further professional experience and success. Its subjects are "the prospects of young physicians." Physic is not a road to wealth, neither is it a road to honour, in this country. For one physician or one operative surgeon who bequeaths a fortune to his children, or a *status dignified* by a token of nobility, albeit of the lowest grade—thousands of either class die poor and unhonoured. Dr. Simpson quotes the examples of Cheyne, Chambers, Baillie, and Astley Cooper, as bright examples of the former class; but he takes care to tell his auditors equally the severe struggles which marked the early career of those eminent illustrations and exceptions. Dr. John Cheyne, the busiest and best employed physician in Dublin a quarter of a century ago, in the second year of his practice, when thirty-four years of age, received fees to the amount of three guineas; and nine years subsequently he was making 5000*l.* annually. Dr. Chambers has himself told us that in the fifth year of his practice, when thirty-four years old, his fees amounted to 211*l.*; and seventeen years after, his professional income reached nearly 9000*l.* After having been for twelve years physician to a large hospital, and for nearly twenty years a medical lecturer, Matthew Baillie found himself at length fairly established in practice, and we know that in the year in which he withdrew from general practice, to confine himself to mere consultation, he had drawn above 11,000*l.* in nine months—that is, between January and September.

In 1788 (says Dr. Simpson), the son of an English clergyman attended the medical classes of Edinburgh University, and lived in the third flat in Bristol-street, in a room which cost him six shillings and sixpence a week. In after-life, when swaying the surgical sceptre of England, as Sir Astley Cooper, his professional income in one single year amounted to 23,000*l.*; and yet, during the first twelve months after he settled down in London, and was working as a lecturer on anatomy and surgery, his receipts from private practice only amounted to five guineas.

We remember hearing the eminently successful

living surgical character next quoted by Dr. Simpson, as another illustration of his theme of the prospects of young medical men, speak despondingly of his own prospects in life while occupying a modest house in Sackville-street, after more than fifteen years of lecturing practising, and publishing, and, let us add, aiding in every way his more pompous preceptor, under whose auspices he had entered the surgical career. And what is he at present? The acknowledged chief of the surgical school of London, first surgeon to the Queen, a Baronet, and, what's better, a European character, who, with an honoured name, will bequeath to his children an immense and well-earned fortune.

These are truly encouraging examples, but they may be reckoned on our ten fingers; the reverse of the picture, on the other hand, presents legions of unsuccessful cases of professional struggles, which end on the compassionate medical list or in a benevolent medical college.

In his third address, Dr. Simpson speaks of "the modern advancement of physic;" and the occasion of delivering that address was his taking the chair as president of the Medico-Chirurgical Society in January 1853. Under the heads of pathological anatomy, histology and chemistry, of physical diagnosis, *materia medica*, practical surgery, and practical medicine, the orator proceeds to point out, in clear and felicitous language, the many instances which illustrate the fact that practical medicine has, during the last sixty years, made greater strides than practical surgery, or indeed than any other branch of practical knowledge whatever. We are not prepared to subscribe to such a sweeping assertion, without certain qualifications — at least, as applicable to this country. In *book-medicine*, yes — the strides have been great indeed, and they are chiefly due to French, German, and Italian authors; but in practice, no. We are all of us mere symptomatic physicians. Chemistry and pharmacy bring to light new remedial agents, which we seize at once and apply right and left, first to one, then to another, and at length to every species of malady under our notice, until they fall into disuse from the very want of success, owing to their misapplication. But where is the uniform *De Curandis Morbis Systema*, based on logical, sound, and inductive principles, to guide us in the employment of these multifarious medicaments? Such a book does not exist, of modern date. We agree with Dr. Bennett, the Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, quoted in this Journal. We want a law or a primitive fact applicable to all vital phenomena — as gravitation or affinity is to astronomy and chemistry. Until we possess it medicine will not be a science; it will continue what it is, an empirical art.

How comes it, by-the-by, that among the advancements of medical practice, of which obstetrics are a part, Dr. Simpson has not enumerated the *speculum* and its use in the cure of so many pretended uterine diseases — a capital discovery, so declared by all who follow the modern Scoto-English school of midwifery? That of chloroform in parturition Dr. Simpson has not omitted to mention. Was it as an example of modesty in a physician anxious to inculcate such a virtue into his hearers that the reticence of the learned Professor in reference to the *speculum* is to be received?

## SCIENCE.

*The World of Insects: a Guide to its Wonders.* By J. W. DOUGLAS, Secretary to the Entomological Society. London: Van Voorst.

A CHARMING book, to be read in field walks, in the garden, lounging on a lawn, or in those shady summer-houses which Dickens humorously describes as "edifices erected by benevolent men for the accommodation of spiders." Mr. Douglas has successfully sought to popularise entomology; to reveal to us the wonders of insect life which lie before us, affording boundless occupation for the eye and the mind. He tells us that there are above ten thousand species of insects in Britain, each one having a curious history of its own. Of this multitude he has selected a few, and in twelve chapters, entitled "The House," "The Garden," "The Orchard," "The Fields," "The Hedges and Lanes," "The Fences," "The Heaths and Commons," "The Downs," "The Woods," "The Waters," "The Sea-shore," and "The Mountains," he has in familiar phrase narrated the most remarkable characteristics of the insect world by which each is peopled. It is not a dry scientific catalogue — indeed, there is scarcely "a hard word" in the whole book, or one which a child could not understand; but a pleasant

picturesque gossip about insects, such as young and old would listen to with profit and delight. This is just the book to place in the hands of children, for it is as fascinating as any romance; nay, it is more wonderful than anything the imagination has ever invented, while it cultivates observation and reflection, leads the thoughts up to God, the creator of these marvels, and infuses wholesome tastes, which will mould all the future life of the person who imbibes them while yet young.

*Blair's Chronological Tables, Revised and Enlarged; Comprehending the Chronology and History of the World from the Earliest Times to the Russian Treaty of Peace.* By J. WILLOUGHBY ROSSE. London: H. G. Bohn. 1856. ("Scientific Library.")

It is only just to Mr. Rosse to declare at once that the "Chronological Tables" of Dr. John Blair have done little more than suggest the form which has been adopted in compiling the excellent work of reference before us. Blair's "Tables" were published in 1754, and consequently the labours of Mr. Rosse embrace rather more than an additional century. Mr. Rosse has moreover tested every statement made by Blair with the latest and best authorities. The labour which he must have undergone has been evidently very great; but the result is one of the most perfect and compendious works of chronological authority with which we are acquainted. The preface to the volume contains a very interesting account of the imperfections to be detected in other chronologies, and of the authorities which Mr. Rosse has consulted in order to free his own work from similar errors. Mr. Rosse says that after examining the works of most English chronologists, "the result is surprise and shame at the slovenly negligence manifested in the treatment of this branch of our literature generally." At any rate, his own work is not open to the same imputation.

*Sermons in Stones; or Scripture Confirmed by Geology.* By DOMINICK MC'AUSLAND. London: R. Bentley. 1856.

THIS little volume is an endeavour to do that which has been frequently attempted before — and never with any great success — to reconcile the account of the creation of the world given by Moses with the facts of geological science. Since the Bridgewater Treatise of Dr. Buckland those amongst the most orthodox who know anything of geological science have contented themselves with believing that the books of Moses were not written to teach men the truths of natural science; and even Mr. Mc'Ausland has only succeeded in proving that the words of the inspired writer must be wrested from their plain signification before we can reconcile them with the proved facts that the sun supplies light and heat to the solar system, that the lower orders of animal existence began before vegetation, that the celestial bodies are not set in a firmament which divides the waters of the heavens from the waters of the earth, and that the sun does not move around the earth.

## CLASSICS.

*Dictionary of Latin Quotations, Proverbs, Maxims, and Mottoes, Classical and Mediaeval, including Law Terms and Phrases, with a Selection of Greek Quotations.* Edited by H. T. RILEY, B.A. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1856. ("Classical Library.")

WHILST everybody admits the great value of a good Dictionary of Quotations, it is nevertheless an incontrovertible fact that there is not one in existence which possesses all the requirements necessary to the perfection of such a work. The most common defects in all that have come within our notice are — first, that they contain phrases which are not, properly speaking, quotations; secondly, that after a very slight examination, it becomes at once apparent that their general accuracy is not to be depended upon; and, thirdly, that they seldom give that very item of information for which they are generally resorted to, namely the exact place where a particular quotation is to be found. Thus in Macdonell's "Dictionary of Quotations" (a compilation which, for want of a better, has attained great popularity) it seems strangely out of place to find "passim" with its literal translation "everywhere;" and we are puzzled to know why every phrase in Ainsworth's Dictionary has not an equal title to be incorporated as a quotation. Mr. Riley's compilation is less amenable to this charge than Macdonell's; but it is by no means invariably accurate. On turning to the common quotation *Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*, we are informed that the line is properly *Omnia mutantur*, &c., and that it is taken from Borbonius. Now, as we do not happen to have conveniently at hand the works of Vandoperanus Borbonius, who published an insignificant volume of "Nugae" in the sixteenth century, we cannot say positively that he did not write a line beginning *Omnia mutantur*, &c.; but of this we are quite certain, that Sir Thomas More, when he was being educated in the household of Cardinal Merton, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote a copy of verses beginning *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*, and

this we believe to be the origin of that hackneyed quotation. Now, as More went to Oxford in 1497, and as Borbonius published his "Nugae" in 1533, we do not well see how the former could have misquoted the latter. Coming to the last point, we must observe that the value of this Dictionary would have been considerably increased if the exact locality of each quotation had been indicated in parenthesis. For example, how easy would it have been, instead of putting nothing but "(Hor.)" against *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, to put "(Hor. Car. iii. Od. 2)." The extra space required would not have been very great; whilst the value of the book would have been infinitely increased.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses: the Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari.* By a Lady Volunteer. In 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

ONE of the noble band of Englishwomen who devoted themselves to the task of attending our hospitals at the seat of the late war, has written a deeply interesting account of her experiences in that duty — including a narrative of their domestic life, "of the perplexities which often beset them, as well as of the pleasing and amusing incidents which occasionally varied the scene." She adds that she is indebted to the kindness of some of her companions for many of the anecdotes, as well as for the letters from soldiers who had been under their care.

It appears that the writer was one of the second band of English nurses sent out after the battle of Inkermann. She describes the journey from the starting at the London-bridge station; how they were welcomed and aided by the Boulogne fishwives; their passage down the Rhone to Valence; their embarkation at Marseilles; their short stay at Messina; the storm they encountered; their anchorage off the Piraeus; the approach to Constantinople; their impatience and their disappointment.

Their duties commenced at Therapia; but that establishment was shortly after broken up, and they removed to Scutari. The arrangements of the hospital there, its first insufficiency, and its gradual improvement under the auspices of Miss Nightingale, are minutely described; but these details are already familiar to the public. Afterwards she went to the Convalescent Hospital at Koulali, and here her largest experiences were obtained. The conclusion at which she arrives is that the employment of ladies as nurses is not desirable, and such, she says, was the opinion of almost all of them. They would prefer that nurses should be trained to a work which requires an education. She pays a warm tribute of respect and admiration to the Sisters of Mercy who attended the French and Sardinian armies, not a few only, as with ours, but by hundreds, rendering invaluable services.

Some of the scenes reported are very touching, and they are told with a simplicity that increases their effect. Here is one:

### A SCENE IN THE HOSPITAL.

In the lower ward was a very interesting case named Algeo; he was quite a boy, and was a great sufferer, being covered with abscesses and quite unable to move himself at all; but Sister — used to say she never saw him without a smile on his face, and when he slept it was touching to watch the look of calm endurance which was still there. The orderlies used to carry him out on his bed and lay him outside the hospital, on the shore of the Bosphorus, that the sea breeze might refresh him. All knew he was passing away from earth, and the orderlies and all were kind to this poor sufferer, almost yet a child, whose young life had been so strange and sad; first the battle-field and trench work, then the bed of wasting sickness. Sister — tended him with loving care, and he repaid it by his deep gratitude and affection. An orderly in this ward was called Dick; he was quite a character in his way, he was so rough and quaint, and looked as if he was just made to knock down a dozen Russians at once; but Dick was as kind to Algeo as if he had been his own child. Poor Algeo was so fond of him, and it was strange to watch the affection between the rough, hard soldier and the dying boy. His last agony came on, and just before he passed away he called for Dick. "Come here, Dick; I want to kiss you, Dick." And as Dick held him in his arms the boy died. When the rough orderly told Sister — of it the tears stood in his eyes. This orderly was a strange character; he was so remarkably ugly, and was quite aware of the fact and rather proud of it.

She also warmly eulogises the kindness of the

## RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

There were in this ward two Russian prisoners who had been too ill to be moved with the others; they were very gentle and submissive, and the cheerful smile with which they greeted us was somewhat of a relief to the usual heavy cast of their countenances. They were, while in the ward, treated the same as the other sick. They were the lions of the hospital, and a great many sailors and others came to see them, at which they appeared pleased. They talked a great deal to each other, and had a Russian Bible, which they read very constantly. Dr. Temple knew a little Russie, and when he made inquiries after their health in their own language their delight was very great. This ward, at a later period than this, was principally filled with patients who had been wounded in the camp, and treated in the camp hospitals, and then sent down to Koulali for change of air and nursing before they were invalided home. The lady of the ward often used to remark their great kindness to each other; men who had lost an arm would be seen helping those who had lost a leg to walk, then these in their turn would cut up the food, or help in other ways those who had lost their arm or the use of it as the case might be.

These were

## HOSPITAL AMUSEMENTS.

The men were delighted with newspapers, and nine or ten would assemble together while one read aloud, and it was very amusing to hear their remarks on the things going on in the Crimea. They were so astonished and vexed at the attack of the 18th June: "That was an unfortunate day, we did not gain any honour." One man comforted them by saying, "But no wonder it was not, as it was not *mea* but *boys* that were driven back and behaved badly." Some of the men were very clever at needlework, and hemmed dozens of pocket-handkerchiefs and towels to be given to the invalids when going to England, or those going up again to the camp. They also mended hundreds of the blue jackets and trousers, the outer hospital clothing. There was one man six feet two high; he had been wounded in the foot, and was unable to put it to the ground for a long time: he made a dress for an officer's wife in the Crimea, and made besides about thirty or forty sets of mosquito curtains. We used to laugh among ourselves, and say this was the talented ward, for there were in it an artist and a poet. The artist's name was West, and he drew the picture which forms the frontispiece to the second volume of this work. He was a boy of nineteen, and he had really a talent for drawing figures; the one of the "Sergeant," in the drawing, is an excellent likeness. Of course the perspective of the drawing has been very much improved since it came out of his hands. He was very diffident about his drawing, and for some time practised in secret, without ours or the surgeon's knowledge; but at length the admiration of his fellow-patients was too great to be kept to themselves; the sergeant too evidently thought it a pity such a likeness of him should be "wasting its sweetness on the desert air;" and so one day when the surgeon and lady were going the rounds, and standing by West's bed, the secret was divulged, and how West blushed as he exhibited his performances! When the ice was once broken and he really found we admired his sketches, his pride and pleasure knew no bounds. We supplied him with pencils and paper, and he whiled away many an hour by making sketches of his companions. He was "invalided home." Another man was in the ward at this time, called Shelley, and he was the poet, and wrote really good lines on the different battles, which I regret I cannot give to my readers. In this ward too was an orderly, who embroidered pincushion with beads, and it was really beautifully done; he gave it to the lady of the ward as a token of his gratitude. The men who were nearly convalescent were often set to watch by the bad cases that required constant attention. There was one fine Highlander set to this duty; the patient in the next bed to him was very ill, and Miss H.—gave him in special charge to the Highlander at night. Going the night rounds once she found him lying on his bed, his face turned towards the sick man, and one eye open watching him, ready to spring out of bed at the slightest movement; the lady laughed and said it was just like a cat watching its kitten: this was heard by the others, and the pair went by the names of cat and kitten among their comrades for a long time.

Most gratifying of all is the writer's report of the conduct of the men—true gentlemen at heart as they must have been.

## HOW THE NURSES WERE TREATED.

To return to our subject; this emergency passed away, and our life was a regular routine of work and rest (except on occasions of extraordinary pressure), following each other in order; but whether in the strain of overwork or the steady fulfilment of our arduous duty, there was one bright ray ever shed over it, one thing that made labour light and sweet, and this was the respect, affection, and gratitude of the men. No words can tell it rightly, for it was unbounded, and as long as we stayed among them it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day

and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position. Standing by those in bitter agony, when the force of old habits is great, or by those in the glow of returning health, or walking up the wards among orderlies and sergeants, never did a word which could offend a woman's ear fall upon ours. Even in the barrack-yard, passing by the guard-room or entrances, where stood groups of soldiers smoking and idling, the moment we approached all coarseness was hushed; and this lasted, not a week or a month, but the whole of my twelvemonth's residence, and my experience is also that of all my companions.

Some of the cases have an interest of their own. We select a few.

## THE PATIENTS.

In No. 3 lower was also another very interesting case—a young lad, with whose quiet and really gentlemanly manners we were much struck. He seemed much superior to those around him, but was so reserved that he rarely spoke, though he appeared unhappy, and as if he needed sympathy. At last he confided to us his history. He was the son of an English gentleman; had been sent to school at Rugby. In a wayward moment he had enlisted and had left England without the knowledge of his father or his friends. After a little persuasion the chaplain prevailed upon him to write and tell his father the truth, and we had the satisfaction of knowing before he left the hospital that he had obtained his father's forgiveness. We believe he eventually went up to Sebastopol. . . . Another poor fellow came down from the Crimea, after some months spent in the hospital there, looking utterly shattered and worn out, and apparently about fifty or thereabouts; but on looking at his card we found he was only twenty. He rallied for a few days, but sank at last. The day he died he told the lady of his ward that he had a little money which he wished to leave to some friend of his in Ireland, who had been the same to him as a father. He had no near relations living. The lady asked the commandant about it, who said that unless he made a will his money would, of course, go to the next-of-kin. The soldiers have now a little book provided for each of them by the quartermaster, in which they set down their accounts, &c., and in which are written several military regulations. At the end there is a form for making a will. The corporal of the ward wrote out, according to the commandant's order, a copy of this, and then the poor fellow was required to sign his name in the presence of the medical officer. But, alas! his mind was now wandering, and the death dew was standing on his forehead. He just rallied sufficiently, however, a short time after, to sign his name. It was so touching to see the eager way in which the trembling hand fulfilled its task. True, it was but a pound or so he had to leave; but he seemed so anxious to show this last little testimony of affection and gratitude to one who had loved him and had been kind to the orphan boy when father and mother were laid in the grave. In the intervals of reason that last day he got the lady to write a letter for him to this friend, but she was obliged to finish it after his death; one sentence he bade her write was: "I have gone through a power of hardships up at the front." His worn face did, indeed, speak of a power of hardships. He was a Roman Catholic, and the lady therefore requested the Sister of Mercy in the gallery above to come down and pray by him, which she very often did during his illness; he died very peacefully, while she was reading the last prayers by his bedside, and without a groan. . . . In this ward was Walter, a little drummer boy about twelve; he was a pretty child, with a remarkably clear sweet voice, and had been admitted into the singing-class; he was very much spoiled by the soldiers, and had grown saucy and conceited. He caught fever, and came into No. 3 lower. When he was getting better he said to the lady: "I have been a very naughty boy before I was ill; but I mean to change now. I promised father, when I came away, that I would read the Bible every day, and say my prayers, and I have kept my promise in a sort of way, for I always did it; but then I chose out the very shortest chapters, and said my prayers as fast as I could, just to get over it somehow; but I shan't do that again if I get well." Afterwards he used to bring the lady beautiful flowers, as a childish mark of affection and gratitude for her having nursed him.

We conclude with a picture of

## A TURKISH SCHOOL.

What a picture it was! On the cushioned divan, which ran along one side of the room, sat three venerable-looking Imams, in flowing robes, long beards, white turbans, and with chibouque. On their right and left, upon the divan, were seated a dozen boys, of ages varying from six to twelve, whose dress marked them of high rank. In a conspicuous position among these was a tiny boy, about four years old. He wore a little coat of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold; trousers and vest to match; a leather band, richly worked, round his waist, from which hung a tiny sword. On his head a velvet fez, beautifully embroidered, with a heavy gold tassel, completed his attire. On a small desk before the Imams were several large books in the Turkish

language. One was lying open. Below the divan were rows of little Turks, all dressed alike in the coat and trousers and crimson cloth fez. They sat in rows on the floor like an English infant-school, and their little red caps made them look at a distance like a bed of poppies. Truth to say, they behaved a great deal better than the same number of little Britons would have done. Our entrance attracted their attention. Only for an instant they gave us a look, then settled themselves again. And now one Imam called up one boy after another to read a sentence out of the great book; when he had finished his sentence all the school cried out, "Amen." At length the little boy whose dress we have described descended from his seat and stood at the Imam's feet, then slowly repeated each word after the Imams. He accomplished a sentence, a very loud "Amen!" followed, and there was a buzz and a smile on every one's face as if some feat had been accomplished. The child returned to his place, and the other boys went up in turns for their lesson.

And thence they were invited to visit

## THE HAREM.

There was no furniture of any kind in the rooms but divans; the floors were matted and everything looked beautifully clean. We were seated on the divan and the ladies looked well at us, and inspected the textures of our dresses. They treated us with the greatest courtesy, and seemed delighted at the visit. Soon they brought us pipes and began to smoke themselves, and evidently watched to see what we should do. We accordingly made an effort at smoking, but thought it unnecessary to do more than smoke for a minute or two for politeness' sake, and when we laid down the pipes a general burst of laughter showed their amusement. Then came coffee, in tiny silver cups, and after this we rose to take our leave. But, no, we could not go. A small table and chairs were now brought in, and some Turkish sweetmeats and pastry offered. We were obliged to taste, or it would have been an affront. After this we again prepared to take our leave. A great deal of talking went on between the Turkish and Greek women. The result was that when we reached the courtyard, where our interpreter waited for us, the Greek girls told him that the Turkish ladies hoped we would honour them again that evening and bring all the others with us. We said we were too large a party; but this made them miserable—so the superintendent consented. At seven in the evening they sent in to know if we were not coming. At that hour a large number of the party were disengaged from work, and these went in. We were received with great delight; chairs were placed in the corridors, and they seemed hardly to know how to make enough of us. There were a large number of Turkish women now and many Greeks. There were several of the former strikingly beautiful, but a great number of the others had a sickly look, and evidently their beauty soon faded. Now they brought two large brass candlesticks, six feet high, with candles to match, and placed them in the centre of the room. We sat round by the wall on our chairs—the Turkish ladies in groups on the floor. On the floor, opposite the lights, were three slaves with tambourines, who now began a hideous kind of music; the dancing girls entered and began to dance round the candlesticks. They danced very gracefully, but after a short time it grew very monotonous, although the interest the Turkish women took seemed not to flag for a minute. When this was ended they had some game among themselves, in which a key formed a principal part. We could not make out what it was, further than it was some joke about the key of the harem.

We might fill a whole CRITIC with passages of equal interest. Every book club and circulating library should have this work, for it cannot fail to be very popular.

Where there's a Will there's a Way: an Ascent of Mont Blanc by a New Route and without Guides. By the Rev. CHARLES HUDSON, M.A., and EDWARD SHIRLEY KENNEDY, B.A. London: Longmans. 1856.

THE dangers, real or imaginary, which have been hitherto supposed to be incident to an ascent of the hoary monarch of Switzerland, have been sufficient to deter most travellers from venturing to attempt it under any circumstances. Another motive too has operated to a very considerable extent to prevent all who do not come under Sterne's classification of "the Rich Traveller," and that is the enormous cost of the undertaking. Dangers so great have always been supposed to require a large number of trained guides to overcome them; trained guides have required large fees in remuneration of their temerity in braving the perils of glacier and crevasse; large parties require good round sums of money to victual and provision them; and altogether we are not surprised to find that a climb upon Mont Blanc, accompanied by guides, is not to be attempted at a less cost than thirty pounds sterling per traveller, and, as not one attempt

out of fifty has succeeded, it has always been a grave question with travellers upon arriving at Chamounix, whether it was worth while to incur so great an expense with so small a prospect of result.

We must confess that we are among those who cannot appreciate the advantages of making these toilsome and dangerous climbs. In the cause of science or of commerce, in the service of mankind in any possible way, we hold it to be a brave and noble action to dare and overcome peril and difficulty; but when nothing but a very severe fit of fatigue and the bare satisfaction of being able to say you have been there can be reaped, we certainly prefer to leave all such undertakings to those who have nothing better to occupy them. We do not exactly go the length of Sheridan, who, when his son was going into a coal-pit and told him that his object was to be able to say he had been there, replied "Why don't you say so without going?"—but we must confess that we would much rather profess our inexperience than purchase experience at a cost so vastly disproportionate. But let that pass.

It seems then that the dangers and expense which have been attached to the expedition up Mont Blanc have tended to make the number of those who have attempted it very small indeed. By far the larger proportion of these has consisted of Englishmen, ever apt to be over-brave, and proverbially ready to part with their money. The only lady who ever attained the summit was, if we remember aright, a Frenchwoman: an honour which, we dare say, our countrywomen will not long leave undisputed. But for one success there have been a great many attempts resulting in failure; and upon these attempts, and the outlay which they have necessitated, the village of Chamounix and its inhabitants have managed to make a very good thing for some time past. For the last three years the ascent of Mr. Albert Smith, and the amusing entertainment which has been the result of that successful expedition, have rendered the subject of Mont Blanc popular in this country. In a cosy seat at the Egyptian Hall, and with warmth, light, and comfort around, the fairest and most delicate Belgravian may, if adventurously inclined, make the ascent of Mont Blanc, with no greater perils to encounter on her way than the pass of the Burlington Arcade and the *crevasse* of the crossing at Piccadilly. Accompanied by an agreeable and intelligent guide, she may ascend the mountain with perfect ease, and go home again suffering from nothing worse than the hearty fit of laughter which the jokes and quaint conceits of her companion must inevitably excite. We must confess that we prefer this mode to the toilsome walk from Chamounix.

Wherever there is a place to be seen and guides get a living by taking you to it, there is sure to be an immense amount of humbug in connection with the business. Sir Guyon in his passage through the wood was not assailed by more dreadful monsters than the traveller is threatened with who has the hardihood to dispense with the services of the guides. Yet, if in spite of this he perseveres, the monsters straightway vanish, and he finds that all dreaded perils are after all only imaginary. It once occurred to ourselves to visit the state prison of St. Michel, on the coast of Normandy. The road (as most of our readers are aware) lies across the sands, and is covered by every tide that flows. The guide-books were full of horrid tales, wherein hapless travellers were swallowed up by shifting quick-sands; and at the little town of Avranches we found that, unless we provided ourselves with a guide at the very moderate charge of fifty francs per diem, exclusive of provision, sudden and inevitable destruction must be our lot. Undeterred by all this, we got into a gig and drove to the beach; when, lo! certainly not to our surprise, but very much to our amusement, we found a hard beaten road across the sands, so firm, so broad, and so well marked that a blind beggar might have felt his way along it as easily as along Regent-street. This is a very fair example of the *guide humbug*; but it is time that we returned to Mont Blanc, and said something about the experience of Messrs. Hudson and Kennedy, who have actually succeeded in ascending the monarch of mountains *without guides*.

Although, as we have already intimated, the *guide-humbug* often exists when there is no real danger to be feared, we are far from believing, after a careful perusal of Messrs. Hudson and Kennedy's adventures, that this is precisely the case with the ascent of Mont Blanc. Even upon

their own showing, the enterprise is one which few will be inclined to undertake at all, and fewer still without the assistance of experienced guides.

The party consisted of a picked band of six amateur mountaineers: our two authors, a young architect named Ainslie, and Messrs. E. J. Stevenson, Christopher Smyth, and Grenville, made up the party—all climbers of muscle and experience. This little band assembled at Courmayeur, and resolved to attempt unaided the ascent of the mountain. The opposition which they met with from the guides was naturally very great, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could obtain the assistance of men to carry their provisions and baggage to the first resting-place upon the mountain. This difficulty overcome, they set about making their preparations for the great attempt.

While one presided at the pot, where innumerable eggs were boiling, and another superintended the packing of the sausages, the indefatigable Ainslie manufactured warm gloves out of a piece of cloth extracted from the stores of our hospitable entertainer, and ingeniously concocted a preparation of boiled bougies and olive oil, as an ointment to protect our faces from the sun. At length all was completed, and but little time left for the dream of the morrow.

At half-past six on the morning of Tuesday, Aug. 7th, the party started from Courmayeur. A walk of six hours brought them to the summit of the Col du Géant. Here they dismissed their porters, and set out upon the ascent. They were attached to each other by ropes, and marched in single file.

Nor was this precaution unnecessary; for, following the directions which the chasseurs had given us before their departure from the Col, we endeavoured to skirt the northern angle of the peak of red granite, called, from its shape, La Tour Ronde, when C. Smyth, who was at that moment in the van, slipped up to his middle through a treacherous coating of drifted snow, by which a deep crevasse, running transversely to our line of march, was concealed. Stevenson, who was the second in the line, by planting his alpen-stock firmly in the snow, was able to keep the rope perfectly tight, whilst the leader was extricating himself from his perilous position.

They passed the night at the foot of a rock called the Rognon, and bivouacked upon the snow, in a small photographer's tent, which they carried with them. Judging from description, the incidents of that night were the reverse of agreeable. Before daylight next morning they were on their legs, and after a four-hours' climb reached the summit of Mont Blanc du Tacul. This was within four hours of their goal; "but in the mean time the wind has risen considerably, the clouds had again collected, from which fine snow was falling and thick drifts of mist were driven rapidly past; we therefore, after some discussion, determined that further perseverance would be rash." Whereupon they returned as quickly as they could to Courmayeur, and resolved to make another great attempt from St. Gervais.

On Monday the 13th of August they started on the second expedition from the little Hotel du Mont Joli, at St. Gervais. The landlord of their hotel, and the inhabitants of the village, jealous of the monopoly which Chamounix enjoys, were very desirous that they should succeed. The road lay through Bionay and Bionassay, up the Tête Rouge, where they bivouacked, and their porters left them. At two o'clock next morning they started again; but Mr. Stevenson was knocked up at this point, and could proceed no further. After a severe climb of four hours they reached the top of the redoubtable Aiguille du Gouté. From the summit of the Dôme du Gouté they had their first glimpse of Mont Blanc. Here the chasseurs who had accompanied them finally left them, and the little party of five set forward to the summit with high hopes and determined hearts. In the shape of food they had a couple of very diminutive chickens, about a pound of mutton, half a loaf of bread, a few pears and raisins, and one bottle of Frontignan wine—a bill of fare which presents a curious contrast to the enormous commissariat which most travellers appear to consider it necessary to provide themselves with in attempting to make the ascent. At the further end of the Grand Plateau they made their breakfast, which consumed more than half their provisions. Here they deposited their knapsacks, and proceeded unencumbered upon their arduous task. From this point the work was very severe until they reached the celebrated Mur de la Côte, the perils of which have been so vividly depicted

by Mr. Beverley, who never saw it, for Mr. Albert Smith, who has. Mr. Beverley's picture represents the whole party of guides and travellers sticking like flies to this "tremendous and almost perpendicular wall of ice," while beneath yawn fearful chasms, into which "a single false step would plunge the unfortunate traveller." Now, all this, upon the testimony of Messrs. Hudson, Kennedy and their three companions, is purely fabulous. Precipices there are indeed; but it is easy to avoid them by "turning directly to the right and meeting the slope *en face*." Nor will these hardy mountaineers admit that the terrible accounts of the nausea, vomiting, and drowsiness experienced at this great elevation are more entitled to respect. Not one of their party experienced anything of the sort, and they give it as their opinion that when such sensations are felt they arise from fatigue and not from the rarefaction of the atmosphere. To make a long story short, they attained the summit of the mountain, "the height of their ambition," at 12.35 p.m.

We looked in each other's face; we there saw reflected an universal beam of satisfaction; and by a simultaneous impulse the hands of all were united in a hearty grasp of congratulation.

So far so good. They had attained the long-wished-for and hardly-attained goal. Their first impulse was to shake hands. What was their second? Why to get down again as quickly as possible.

We did, not, however, long retain our position there; for, on turning our faces to the north, we were greeted by a most bitter wind, which was sufficiently violent to render a prolonged stay very unpleasant. It did not occur to us till too late, that if we had descended a few feet on the Italian side, we should have been completely sheltered from the keen blast, and might have sat down in comfort for three quarters of an hour, or even longer. As it was, after a few minutes, the idea of at once descending spontaneously suggested itself to each of the party, and three forthwith proceeded to put it into execution.

The first impression, therefore, after finding themselves in this desirable position, was how best to get out of it—a fact which is certainly not calculated to tempt others into following their example. In what state of mind they attained the summit of the mountain may be gathered from their overlooking the very simple expedient for obtaining shelter. *Finis coronat opus.* After incurring an unpleasant amount of toil and danger in order to get to a certain place, they liked it so little that they immediately resolved to abandon it. Having "marched up the hill," they straightway "marched down again."

On the way down the mountain, a fatal accident nearly occurred.

When we were crossing a narrow ridge of ice between the crevasses, one of our party, who happened to be second in the line, suddenly disappeared in the crevasses to our right. As Hudson was first, he had for the moment more than his proper share of the weight to support; but, quickly recovering himself, he quickly disengaged his head and shoulders from the strap to which the rope was attached, and gazed down into the azure vault. The third in our line instantly drew the rope tight, and dropped with one knee on the snow. The jerk dragged his hand eight or ten inches through the soft surface; but, receiving without delay the ready support of those behind, and finding that Hudson relieved him of half the tension, he easily kept his position.

After some time the unfortunate gentleman was extricated from his perilous position, and the party reached Chamounix without any further adventure.

These then are the facts connected with this now famous ascent of Mont Blanc without guides, and from them we derive this important truth, that the ascent must be an undertaking of danger and difficulty under all circumstances, but especially so when you are unaccompanied by persons of skill and experience in such matters. Even these hardy young fellows, inured to climbing and trained to feats of a similar description, evidently found it no easy task. What then must it be to a cockney who has never climbed anything steeper than Primrose Hill, or jumped anything more formidable than from the penny-steamer to the pier? For our part we have no present intention of incurring any such perilous labour; but if ever we are induced to do so we shall certainly not decline to avail ourselves of the services of guides, even at the cost of thirty pounds.

## FICTION.

## THE NEW NOVELS.

*The Sorrows of Gentility.* By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY, Author of "Constance Herbert," &c. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

*Henry Lyle; or, Life and Existence.* By EMILIA MARRYAT. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

MISS JEWSBURY'S *Sorrows of Gentility* has a distinct purpose; it conveys a moral, not as is the vulgar fashion, in its tail, as a wasp carries its sting—indeed, not in any distinct textual form—but as a flower carries its sweets, diffused over the whole. She does not preach her sermon in the shape of a dogma—"this is right, that is wrong, thus do thou;" she teaches by an example, and the reader learns the lesson unconsciously. He sees what are the results of certain conduct, as shown in the fortunes of Gertrude Morley, and the group of which she is the centre; how we can do nothing which is not the parent of future woe or woe to us; how for the consequences of our actions we are responsible; and how, when once done, they can neither be cured by regret nor avoided by apathy, and we must bear to the end the burden we have put upon our own shoulders. *The Sorrows of Gentility* is an old theme, in practice familiar to most of us; but we have never seen them more truthfully exhibited than by Miss Jewsbury in this novel. The heroine is the daughter of a rich inn-keeper, sent, as is the custom, to a fashionable boarding-school, and, as usual, subjected to mortifications which children so soon learn to inflict on those whom they look upon as inferiors. Returning to her home, she is offended by the coarser manners and vulgarer habits of her family and their associates, and thus is subjected to another course of misery. She elopes with an Irish fortune-hunter, and her married life is passed in the society of his mother, proud and poor, and despising her low-born daughter-in-law. Her future fate is traced with exquisite delicacy—the small troubles, harder to bear than the greater ones, being sketched with the skill of a consummate artist. The moral is too true. Education above one's sphere is a misfortune, often a curse. The art of training is to fit the person, man or woman, for the place in life which it is his or her lot to fill. Whenever this rule is departed from, on either side, there is certain misery; and how great it is, will be learned from Miss Jewsbury's new novel.

*Henry Lyle* is, we assume, a first appearance. The name of the authoress will attract attention, for it is one well known in fiction, and she has, we believe, hereditary claims to a kindly reception from the reviewers. Of *Henry Lyle* we may say that it is a work of promise. The writer has natural ability, but wants experience. She has constructed a pretty story, but she needs a little more skill in the telling of it. This, however, will come with practice. The foundation is there, and time and earnest endeavour will improve the taste and correct the style. Of course we speak critically, as in duty bound. Looking at the tale from the reader's point of view as a story, and not as a work of art, as a reviewer scans it, we can commend it to perusal, as being quite as amusing as most of the books upon the shelves of the circulating library.

*Perversion; or, the Causes and Consequences of Infidelity. A Tale for the Times.* 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 1052.

If report speaks the truth, this tale is from the pen of the author of the "Essays on Church Parties," &c., lately reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*. Apart from the *ouï dit* there is internal evidence either that the Rev. J. W. Conybeare is the writer, or that he has a competitor who imitates pretty closely his style of thought and expression. In the "Essay on Church Parties," Mr. Conybeare exposes what he conceives to be the fault of the High and the Low without giving any clear indication to what ecclesiastical department he belongs himself; and so in the work before us a state of neutrality is maintained, while the right and left are assailed with equal vehemence and causticity. To say nothing of the style of writing, there is another indication of the common fraternity of both the works we have mentioned; they equally indicate a close acquaintance with Church life, from its gradual development at college, to its maturity in the parsonage and the parish.

The story commences with school life, and details some dire results of the system of flogging—an elder boy named Armstrong being the merciless persecutor of Charles Bampton, a lad of fine feelings and more tender organisation. These two form the heroes of the tale. Cruel treatment causes Bampton to run away, and his hat, found in a canal, leads to the idea that he has committed suicide; and the whole system of Armstrong being exposed, he is expelled the school and enters the army, while Charles is allowed to recruit his shattered health and cultivate his mind at home under the care of a German tutor named Gottlieb Schrecklich, who, dirty and ill-favoured though he be, makes love to a beautiful sister of his pupil while under the influence of champagne, and loses his situation. In the mean time, Armstrong becomes as influential for evil in the barracks at Chester as he was at Lyngford school; falls in love with Julia, the mistress of Colonel Sackbut, whom he deceives, as he thinks, into a false marriage, which, however, turns out to be a valid one. Being advised to "sell out," he goes to America, and becomes a great man among the Mormons, to a prophet of which sect he at length turns over his wife, and returns to England, where he inherits a small estate from an uncle and takes the name of Archer. Being yet very young, he enters the University of Oxford, and is thrown again into the society of Charles Bampton, without, however, being recognised by the latter, through an ugly scar, the result of a duel with Colonel Sackbut. He acquires great influence over Charles, and marries his sister Clara, having conceived a strong attachment for her, backed by a belief that her brother would not live long, and that on his death a moiety of his large estate would become hers. He obtains a government appointment abroad, and is about to enter upon its duties, when Julia appears upon the scene, and claims him as her husband. A trial follows, and a verdict of guilty of bigamy consigns him to penal servitude, and his wife to despair. She is aware of his entire depravity, having attended the trial, and, being about to become a mother, in perfect soberness of mind destroys herself with chloroform. This disaster hastens the consumptive tendencies of Charles, and while travelling in search of health he falls in with a Rev. Mr. Williamson, by whom his infidel principles are undermined, and he becomes a sincere Christian, and dies at Scutari, where he had obtained leave to bestow his attentions upon the sick and the dying.

With the evolution of this plot is mixed up a vast variety of incidents, descriptions of character, and expressions of religious opinions. Until Mr. Williamson appears at the close of the work, all the principal personages introduced are more or less base. If clergymen, they are hypocrites; if laymen, they are atheists, infidels, or mere sensualists. The author has scarcely a good word for any one; for even Charles Bampton becomes a confirmed unbeliever, and the beautiful and refined Clara, his sister, follows his example. From this it arises that, while the three volumes are of such interest as to compel the reader to go right through them, the impression left is one of loathing for the vice exhibited, and of dislike for an author who can conceive and portray so much of devilry and pure wickedness. As an illustration of this tendency to take every thing *in malam partem* we will mention one instance. When Clara dies, the medical man called in turns out to be also the coroner, and the following rascality is attributed to his character:

The doctor, when he came, pronounced that life had been long extinct, and asked if the young lady had suffered from any disease. In reply, her aunt was compelled to explain the cause of mental suffering which had befallen Mrs. Archer, and which, she feared, had killed her of a broken heart. But the surgeon was not satisfied with this explanation. He was, unluckily, the coroner of the district, and his income was directly proportional to the number of inquests on which he sat. Nor was his interest alone concerned in multiplying these investigations. His vanity also was gratified, by the opportunities thus afforded of personal display, and by the exercise of judicial authority which they involved, especially when a case excited sufficient interest to be reported in the country papers. It need not be added that Clara's connection with a man whose recent trial had created so much sensation increased his desire to sit upon her body. And, besides all these motives, he was possessed by that disinterested passion which animates so many of his profession for groping among the viscera of the dead: (vol. iii. p. 149.)

There is a coarseness in this for which the

medical profession will not be thankful, nor is the sarcasm at all deserved. It is unfortunate that the author almost always paints in this broad and caricature style, for, if more true to nature, he could write effectively. A poor German tutor cannot be introduced without being made the worst specimen of the species.

"How is it," said some one to the great English critic Elmsley, "that the Germans are so much better scholars than we are?" "Because they never go out to tea," was the philologist's reply. He might have added that they also save much time daily by letting their beards grow long, and cutting their ablutions short. In all these points Schrecklich was a typical specimen of his race and order—awkward and uncouth in manner, shabby in dress, dirty in face and hands, with chin and throat buried in a mane of rusty red, but acute in understanding, thoroughly conversant with classical philology, profoundly learned in the oriental languages, and not without a tincture of some of the natural sciences. . . . The week after Schrecklich made his appearance at Penry. He came by coach, and descended at the lodge-gates on a dusty day in summer. The Bampton family were sitting out upon the lawn, enjoying the beauty of the evening, when they saw his strange figure approaching them on his way to the house. He was accoutred in a cap of faded red velvet, a loose blue blouse, and green trousers; between the latter and his shoes there was an hiatus filled up by worsted stockings; no shirt was visible, but where it ought to have been was a greasy stock, which cut, in sharp outline, against the red beard above, and sent down voluminous folds of black silk over the region where the breast of a shirt might charitably be supposed to lie concealed: (vol. i. p. 95.)

The author may have seen the original of this portrait; but we do not think he ever found such a Teuton monster admitted to the close society of an elegant English family. Yet Schrecklich is located at table with the Bampionships, and excruciates the nerves of the ladies by "his horrid habit of sucking up his soup at dinner with the noise of a roaring torrent, as it passed through the floodgates of his mouth," and by "spreading butter on his bread with his thumb." A writer who habitually exaggerates whatever he describes forgets the classical advice *ne quid nimis*. There is further much that is very common-place in the events and the descriptions. Flogging at school, Mormonism, a trial in court with speeches of counsel, &c., and a pilgrimage to Scutari, are too much in vogue with writers of fiction; while the distorted views of Evangelical and Tractarian preachers and of cotton manufacturers, here given, have nothing novel to make them acceptable or redeem them from the charge of being common-place. While there is much pleasing writing, and startling incidents enough in these volumes to cause them to be read with interest, we must confess we have been greatly disappointed with their general contents. As a work of art *Perversion* cannot stand very high.

We value the adage, "In every work regard the writer's end," and would try this by its professed object. The writer proposes to point out the causes and consequences of infidelity, and thus to furnish "a tale for the times." We must leave for more directly religious reviewers to enter upon the theology and ethics of the volumes; but we cannot refrain from saying that we do not think the kind of infidelity here depicted is very common in our day among the higher classes; but, if it is, we are sure this work will not tend to correct or amend the evil. By means of a consummate villain, Armstrong or Archer, who is destitute of every virtue, the Bampionships are corrupted—the sister so much so, that she writes a long letter, justifying the self murder which she is about to commit. This is a case so extremely imaginary, that its exhibition can carry with it no warning; and also the arguments put into the unhappy lady's lips are so cumulative, and so beautifully expressed, that they are more likely to encourage a tendency to suicide than to warn from it. We are happy in feeling a persuasion that "the times" are not so bad as they are here represented; and we are sorry so much time and skill should have been expended in depicting moral deformity without any adequate antidote.

*The Phantom Regiment; or, Stories of "Ours,"* is a collection of tales, or rather of adventures, strung together by a slight thread of story, from the pen of Mr. JAMES GRANT. The scenes are laid in Spain, the Caucasus, and Russia. They appear to have been written for some magazine. They are, at least, romantic enough for such a destiny.

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Mrs. S. C. HALL's *Popular Tales and Sketches* have been collected in a volume of "The Amusing Library." Several of them also have appeared in the periodicals, but they well deserve preservation in this more permanent form.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Griselda a Tragedy; and other Poems.* By EDWIN ARNOLD. London: Bogue.

EDWIN ARNOLD, of University College, bids fair to make a name famous as Matthew Arnold, of Oxford College, has already done. We know not, and care not to know, whether the poets are consanguineous; it is enough for us to perceive that both belong to the brotherhood of genius. It may be that the volume before us contains no poems, nor portions of poems, cast in the stately epic mould of "Sohrab and Rustum" or the mythological grandeur of "Balder Dead," by him of Oxford; but it is, nevertheless, rich with fancy, and replete with what Wordsworth considered essentials of poetry—"observation and description." *Griselda* must be read and judged more as a closet play than as a stage-play, because only a fractional part of its moral force is drawn from sources of action. Its beauty lies in the awakened thought rather than in mere imitative art or opportunities for physical display. It is, in fact, a fine poem, surrounded, but not necessarily, with scenic accessories. It does not express the war of passions so much as the triumph of household virtues—or rather of one virtue, and that one the hardest for humanity to sustain, and from which even Job fell away. The whole argument of this tragedy, so called, is supplied by Mr. Arnold himself in a single line of a sweet little poem, entitled "Wait Yet."

Patience makes mirth as buds make bloom.

For the purpose of presenting a few extracts in due order, we shall briefly repeat the construction of a story in itself sufficiently simple. In the story then the ingenuity of Mr. Arnold is not demanded, so that the poetry, often splendid and manly, is not shadowed by the sinuosity of plot. The reader never winces under the infliction of a contrivance so exquisitely complex, that he needs the qualification of a detective officer to follow the trail "from information received."

Walter, Marquis of Saluzzo, is waited upon by some nobles and courtiers, and their observations to the Prince will best explain the basis of the drama, and that on which its main interest depends.

MARQUIS.  
Ah! friends, lend me your hearts, and not your knees;  
True love stands straight, the false can bend, and lie:  
Show me the chain whose subtle links can hold  
This Proteus present to his proper form,  
And heart and hand myself will rive it  
Past the undoing.

PIETRO MALA.  
Let the promise, then,  
Be warrant for the boldness of our love.

MARQUIS.  
Speak it and think it sealed.

PIETRO MALA.  
My gracious prince,  
The change we dread is not the change that comes  
At seed-time, or at harvest, or at fall—  
A blight to rust the young grain in the blade,  
Or sum to scorch the clusters from the vines,  
Or murrain in the fair and speckled herds,  
Or pestilence, doing the young to death;  
These might be bane or bettered; but, alas!  
If the fair fountain whence the river flows,  
Whose gracious waters give the land its life—  
If this be dried, and die, what hope of help?  
We draw the breath on trust—all—all, my lord,  
Living the little minutes at the will  
Of one grim creditor, whose sudden stroke  
Signs the acquaintance with the blood of life.  
Oh! if his shadow cross the palace-porch,  
And turn thy banquet to a funeral,  
Could we find remedy, or thy soul rest?

MARQUIS.

Therefore—  
PIETRO MALA.  
Therefore, my liege, lest we be left  
A prey to the best blade and longest lance;  
We pray thee take thyself a crowned wife;  
And when thy palace, like a tree in May,  
Puts forth its promise of the after-fruit,  
We shall learn early how to love our kings;  
And thou shalt leave thy crown and royalties  
To foreheads broad enough to bear them well—  
Living another life in their young beauty,  
Dying the father of a line of Lords.

MARQUIS.

What if I say, I will?  
PIETRO MALA.  
Then, by your grace,  
Such as are happy in your trust and love  
Shall from the spacious garden of the court  
Pluck out the newest and the queenliest flower  
To lay it at your heart.

MARQUIS.  
By Mary! no!  
If for your sakes I bend me to this yoke,  
I will be free to choose what yoke I will.

The condition imposed in the final line sets the

dramatic machine and the poetic eventualities fairly in action, for the Marquis has previously seen and loved Griselda, the daughter of a poor old soldier—so poor and old withal, that one of the courtiers says, with more truth than courtiers usually utter:

He's at war with death;  
And each day that he lives is a hard battle,  
Won with a broken sword.

The prince in "Lalla Rookh" accompanied his lady-love in the guise of a minstrel or musician; but the Marquis in the humbler dress of a trader enters the hut where Griselda dwells, to ask shelter from a storm that would damage his crimson brocades and stuffs of Genoa. Wisdom probably suggested the disguise in both instances; but we are inexperienced in such matters, and, as a general rule, cannot recommend which is the better to be employed, the music or the "crimson brocades." Both are considered to be highly efficacious, and, in the instances cited, both were eminently successful. While the Marquis is in the hut disguised, Janicola, the father of Griselda, commits one of those prolific blunders which is a sort of poetic capital with the bards. In the presence of the supposed trader he repeats the reports of gossips, namely, that the prince "hath two faces and two favours, one for his fasting days and one for his feasts—bitter and sweet." This gives the poet an opportunity of showing, through the prince, one of those highly-wrought poetic images whose lustre serves to adorn, and, it may be, to enforce a fact.

Why, that methinks, were well;  
A great king standing lone 'mid friends and foes,  
Should look o' both sides. Mark you mighty Alps,  
They front the Switzer woods with frowning crags  
Where storms are stored; but smile on Italy  
With summer softness and eternal green.

Again the prince visits the hut of Janicola; but this time it is to place a crown on the brow of the lovely Griselda. For her he demands of his followers a "leal welcoming." The welcome is proffered with no appearance of niggardliness; but innate aristocratic pride breaks out nevertheless, and Antonio says to his companion, speaking of the prince,

He's within,  
Playing at loving with the *beggar-lady*.

Yet for all this the sweet temper of Griselda holds many and brave hearts to their allegiance. Griselda's first bitter trial, and the subsequent torture to her motherly affections, are produced by a letter from the proud Countess of Bologna to her brother the Marquis of Saluzzo. The bearer of this scroll is a troubadour named Bertram. We introduce him, not for his own merits, but because he has the good fortune to win from Griselda a passage of speech so delightful, so tender in its loveliness, so exquisitely true, that he who cannot feel its worth must have strayed far from nature. If all the spasmodic poets and spasmodic musicians of this age would only lay aside for a moment their noisy horns, which the walls of a second Jericho could never withstand, and listen to this beautiful teaching, they would still be within the pale of redemption, and might be lured back to the bosom of humanity.

BERTRAM.  
Alas! my strings  
Sound well to common ears at village-wakes;  
But this is a brave festival, and I—  
I have no skill save for a simple song.

GRISELDA.  
Oh, sing a simple song, for I have thought,  
Listening to many a modern line and lay  
Of minstrelsy excelling, that their strings  
Strove for too great an utterance, and so missed  
The ready road that quiet music finds  
Right to the heart; like as an o'er-trained bow  
Shoots past the butt. Dame Nature doth not thus,  
And minstrels are her children, and should stand  
Close at their mother's knee to learn of her.

Look! when she will be beautiful or great,  
She strains not for her rainbows or her stars,  
But with deft finger works her wonders in  
With an unrefined quiet, a soul-felt

And unregarded strength—so that her storms,  
Her calms, night, day, moon-risings and sunsets,  
Wood-songs and river-songs, and waves and winds,  
Come without noise of coming. Ah! I love,

When 'tis voiced tenderly—a simple song—  
A song whereto the caught ear listens close,

To hear a heart, and not a chord speak out

Musical truthfulness.

Here is the letter from the Countess to the Marquis:—

MARQUIS (alone).

My love is like a river grown too large  
For little lets to stay, yet I do fret,

Wondrously at her scripture: thus she saith—

"Thy village spouse is Italy's gossip; take heed it be not its scorn. Thou art the most fortunate or the most wretched of men; yet must thou mar thy fortune to prove thy wit. If thou wilt wear thy jewel bravely, try it boldly; if not, its lucre must be still suspect. Thus much the opinion of thy dignity asketh of the blindness of thy love."

This letter is the key of the drama. Mainly in consequence of it, the prince determines to try his wife to the "pitch of sufferance." It is the gambler's stake: if she fail, he loses "all at a loss;" if she come clear off, why, "distraction's breath can never taint her more." For purposes of the drama, we admit the desperate alternative; but anything so dangerous and so cruel in actual life can have the sanction of no wise mind. The prince, as it would appear, is secretly rejoiced to hear that Frederigo says slanderous things of the queen; for slander serves to strengthen his previously fixed resolve. The rightly accused are quick to resent accusation; but Griselda is merciful in the degree of her purity. She says:

Nay! I heard but now  
That thou wert angered with yon slanderer.  
I pray thee, let not such fellow dwell  
In my lord's thoughts—the more so that his sin  
Touches not thee, but me.

The prince, as if to test pure gold by fire, declares that the matter of the discontents goes further than "the poor lie of one." He affirms that Griselda has not the love of the people—that they ask, "What does thy daughter in the court?" So the daughter is taken away, with an intimation to the mother that the child is to be destroyed, and after that an only boy is taken also. Still, for the love she bears her husband, the wife smothers the silent agony. Those cruel deeds work as they are intended to work; they draw the people's pity, and out of pity springs love, closer to the queen. Men cannot look unmoved on one who has suffered so much and been so patient. Bertram, the troubadour, writes a song on her sufferance. Weary years after the loss of her children, Griselda wins her father beneath her splendid roof. Her reflections on this circumstance are of the tenderest pathos.

LENETTE.  
These lilies, madam,

My lord the Marquis gave.

GRISELDA.

Aye! and the others!  
Thou speakest well—in faith, a pretty thing.

LENETTE.

I mind you said so once.

GRISELDA.

I say so now;  
The more that they bring back to memory,  
As the others bring the pleasant sun to mind,  
My marriage morning. But I'll wear no flowers;  
Lilies grow low, Lenette.

LENETTE.

And all unseen,  
GRISELDA.

They toil not—runneth it not on? Yesternight  
I won my father from his cage home  
To see my splendours, but he praised them not  
Beyond his wont;—he held them all in scorn,  
Something too long, whereas I led his steps  
Along the terrace. Know'st thou where my vines  
Run o'er the garden olives, and the elms,  
Hanging their purple berries on strange stems,  
And crowning the grave trees like revellers?  
We rested there. I said—These leafy bowers,  
These flowers of gold starring a sky of green—  
Is it not dainty fair? Say that of these!  
Ah me!—he pointed out between the stalks,  
And not an arrow's flight away, there stood  
A hut—about it gleamed those lowly lilles,  
Those lilles clad more gorgeously than kings;  
And underneath its eaves God's pensioner  
And man's light friend, the swallow, nested thick;  
And from the vineyard came the good man home,  
Red from his work i' the fruit; and a low door,  
Made lower with the leaves that corniced it,  
Gave a young mother and her gold-haired girl  
Unto our eyes—whose eyes awaited him:  
And all the happy circumstance of this,  
God's equal sun-shine cast a glory on,  
And touched it into perfectness and peace;—  
While mine stood in cold shadow.—Girl! I wept!

LENETTE.

I would you did weep more!

GRISELDA.

Wherfore, Lenette?

LENETTE.

That so the grief  
Which lies a large dark lake within your heart,  
Might come in rivers from your yielded eyes  
And ease you, madam.

At length suffering patience hath the beginnings of its reward—a sweet drop sparkles on the rim of the bitter cup. Frederigo, subdued by her gentleness, kneels and asks pardon for that he "spake ill things of her." The Marquis allows just a fraction of his triumph to explode, for as yet he reserves the complete extatic burst.

MARQUIS.

Lords and leal hearts, my lady hath no phrase  
To steady her gracie's, but she doth mind,  
Some half-score summers back this very day,  
Fair sirs! how stiffly your joints bent to her;  
Sweet dames! how scornfully ye crown'd the braids,  
Whose tirz-women were but Health and Youth;  
Sir! she stands better; let this late-got grace  
Make a late-given thing not less a gift.

To strain the love of Griselda to the extremest

tension, the Pope is induced to "loose" the prince

From an unworthy wife and unfit lady.

These words of the Papal bull Griselda relates to the assembled nobles and courtiers, who raise a murmur of discontent, and their hands play with their dagger-hilts. Griselda doffs her queenly robes and returns to the hut of her father, Janicola. She resumes her old gown and kirtle, and sits down to her spinning-wheel. She sings to the old man the song she sung on her bridal morning. We give it because it is apt, and comes like a voice of warning and wisdom.

(She sings.)  
On a mountain  
Rosa a fountain,  
Sweet and quiet, and crystal clear to see,  
Till it bubbles,  
Sorely troubled,  
And a merry, roving streamlet longed to be.  
  
So a splashing,  
And madly dashing,  
Over the rocks it ran afar from home;  
And sought ever  
To be a river,  
The farther and the faster it did roam.  
  
All the daughters  
Of the waters  
Their brimming urns of willing ripples lent;  
And away then,  
With wave and spray then,  
Longing to grow a sea, the wanderer went.  
  
Ah! the pity,  
To end a ditty  
With alack-a-day! and with a sad alas!  
But the river  
Was gone for ever,  
When out into the salt sea it did pass.

Lord Walter gives out that he is betrothed to, and intends to marry, a girl scarcely in her teens, but whose "beauty is for worship." As if to crush her with the heaviest trial, Griselda is summoned from her cottage to do duty, as a servant, to the bride. We look upon this portion of the play with the least favour. To slander the purest, to take from the most womanly of women her household angels—her children, might have been required by dramatic exigencies. To reduce Griselda to her original state, to the poor cottager with her spinning-wheel, does not offend poetic propriety—indeed, it gives an opportunity for some fine touches of nature. It is painful, and cannot but be instructive, to see one who so lately sat upon a throne ministering in a wretched hut to the last wants of a dying father. So far the situations have each and all a poetic consistency; but to degrade the queen to the condition of a servant is an indignity the more unwarranted because it actually adds nothing to the final triumph. Griselda might have been at the *dénouement* as a spectator. Being there as a menial has no other effect than to destroy the nobleness of her previous conduct. When we saw her slandered and childless, and so return uncomplainingly to the peasant's gown and the spinning-wheel, and all for the love she bore her husband, we saw only a brave and suffering woman; but when we beheld her acting the menial, we beheld, painfully forced upon us, the character of the slave.

From knowing the designs of Prince Walter, our readers have probably surmised the last scene. The lovely girl whom the Marquis has reported he shall marry, and the brother by whom she is accompanied, are the children of the prince and Griselda! The whole affair is made plain. There is the necessary amount of speechless amazement, of rapture, and swooning, and finally the crown is replaced on the brow that so patiently bore its loss. Thus, in the closing words,

A noble wife doth win her own again!

It will be seen that this drama has considerable merit; not so much perhaps, in an histrionic sense, as in the silent victory of mind, the meek endurance of affliction. It has scenes of genuine tenderness, and passages which make us proud to think that we are human. The fancy of the poet is under the control of the judgment, and is used not sparingly, but temperately, to soften and to beautify the practical employment of the intellect. Our extracts have been sufficient to prove all this. We have devoted so much space to Griselda that one observation must suffice for the minor poems of the volume. They show, like all Mr. Arnold's compositions, a delicacy of finish which indicates the perfect painter, and a sense of rapture which betokens the true-born minstrel.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe, from the Iron Period of the Northern Nations to the End of the Thirteenth Century.* By JOHN HEWITT. Oxford and London: John Henry and James Parker. pp. 387.

MR. HEWITT has long been known to archaeologists as a diligent student of the class of antiquities upon which his present work treats. The volume before us carries the history of ancient armour only down to the close of the thirteenth century; no doubt in a subsequent volume the subject will be completed, and it will then be a very valuable handbook of the subject, a thing which has long been a desideratum in archaeological literature.

It is, however, a hand-book for the antiquary rather than for the mere general reader; for the author has not endeavoured to work up his materials in a popular style, or to enliven them with the wealth of picturesque anecdote and poetical allusion which the subject naturally suggests. We do not say this in disparagement, for it was not the author's intention to produce a merely popular book; but we say it in order that the mere general reader may not be disappointed on finding the book more solid and less entertainingly worked out than he might have been disposed to expect, though in truth it is abundantly picturesque and entertaining; and especially we say it, that the antiquarian student may know that there is here a mine of what is more valuable to him than mere picturesque writing, viz., of facts and authorities on the subject, accumulated by long and diligent research into every source of information. The remains of ancient weapons which have recently, in considerable abundance, been exhumed from the early Teutonic graves, and those of later date which still exist in old houses and museums; ancient documents, historical descriptions, chartularies, statutes of arms, and inventories; the inexhaustible illuminations in ancient MSS.; the unrivalled series of our monumental effigies—all have been laid under contribution; and we are glad to see that Mr. Hewitt has also availed himself to some extent of the sources of illustration which are presented by the armour yet in use in Asia, from the Caucasus to China; where the people still wear armour and wield weapons like those of our European warriors six, seven, and eight hundred years ago. A learned commission with our army in the East would have had the opportunity, among other things, of collecting from the irregular auxiliaries of our allies a most instructive museum of costumes, armour, and weapons. We may be allowed to say in passing that there are many obscure questions in our national antiquities and history which might be elucidated by a philosophical comparison with similar forms and fashions still to be found extant in other parts of the world; it is a deeply interesting branch of antiquarian study, which has not yet received the attention which it deserves.

We shall probably be doing that which is most agreeable to our readers if we deduce from Mr. Hewitt's work a summary sketch of the most characteristic features of the armour of our own country, during various early periods of which he treats; pointing out here and there some of the more interesting of the collateral discussions into which he has very ably entered. Indeed, it is principally of English armour that the work treats; the few notes on continental peculiarities of armour which are given here and there hardly warrant the use of the large word in the title-page, armour and weapons of Europe.

The armour and weapons of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and of their cognate tribes, are known to us chiefly, in early times, from the contents of their graves, from allusions in contemporary poets, from descriptions in laws and charters; and in later times, also from illuminated MSS. From these sources we find that their armour consisted of the hauberk, the helm, and the shield. The hauberk, or byrnrie, as the native poets call it, was a kind of tunic or shirt (*syrca*, a sark, Saxon) made of chain mail (Fr. *maille*, a ring), i.e., of rings of iron linked together as in a common steel purse. That the Teutonic byrnrie was really of interlinked chain mail, and not of rings merely sewn upon a garment—a point upon which there has been some question—appears conclusively established by the epithets which are applied to it by contemporary poets; e.g., in Beowulf it is called "the twisted (or braided) breast-net," "the war byrnrie the hard battle-net."

Whence the shirt of mail was derived is still a doubtful question; Mr. Hewitt decides against the popular idea that it came from the East (where it is still in use), because it is not seen in Assyrian, Egyptian, or Indian sculptures or paintings (hardly conclusive). Varro attributes the invention of an iron tunic made from rings to the Gauls; and Mr. Hewitt is of opinion that this is the hauberk of chain mail. It came gradually into use. From the accounts of the writers of the seventh century, it does not appear then to have been at all in use among the ordinary troops, only among great personages; but in the time of Charlemagne, the beginning of the ninth century, we find it by that time so common that one of the laws of that Emperor requires that the troops led to the field by each count shall have a spear, shield, bow with two strings and twelve arrows, a helmet, and a coat-of-fence. The coat-of-fence, however, was not always of chain mail; frequently it was of leather, or of padded and quilted material: nor was it all the troops who were thus completely armed, but only the men-at-arms, the *corps d'élite*. Even in the late Anglo-Saxon MSS. we frequently find drawings of warriors who have only the legs and sometimes the arms swathed in spiral bands, with a helmet and shield.

The helmet of the Anglo-Saxons and other kindred tribes was usually of the conical or Phrygian shape; sometimes crested—the boar being the favourite device for the crest. The hood of mail, which was the common defence of the head in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is first mentioned in the poem of Beowulf. There appears also to have been used a cap of leather or other material, strengthened with a rim and with ribs of metal. That peculiar appendage to the conical helmet called the nasal seems to have been introduced about 1000 A.D., and to have become general half a century later.

The shield, or war-board, as their poets call it, was usually made of lime-wood, round (rarely oval), convex, with a metal rim, and a hollow metal umbo, across the inside of which was a piece of metal which formed the handle. It was sometimes ornamented with studs and plates of metal: but commonly it was only painted red—"the red war-board" is a commonplace with the poets. The laws of Gula, circa 940 A.D., require every man who had six marks besides his clothes, to provide himself with a red shield of two boards, a spear, an axe, and a sword.

The usual weapons of this period were the long heavy two-edged sword, the spear, the javelin, the axe, the dagger, and the bow and arrow; the mace, the stone hammer, the pole-axe, and the sling, are found but rarely.

The favourite devices on their banners were the raven, dragon, &c.

Their warlike engines comprised the battering-ram, for breaching walls and palisades; the tortoise for approaching to sap; the balista, the catapult, and the terebra, for casting missiles. Moveable towers are first mentioned in mediæval annals in the eleventh century; they were frequently used in the twelfth.

The great authorities for the armour of the early Norman period are the Bayeux tapestry, the descriptions of writers, illuminations in MSS., and the great seals of nobles and knights, which have usually a knight on horseback as the principal device.

The armour of the early Norman times differed little from that which has already been described. The knight fully equipped wore a tunic, which, during certain periods, it was fashionable to allow to appear beneath the hauberk, in more or less length of skirt. Over that was worn the gambeson or aketon (or haqueton), a quilted garment which was often used as the only defensive body armour; but in full equipment the knight wore a hauberk over it. A little before the conquest, an iron breastplate, fastened beneath the hauberk, seems to have come into fashion. And in the Bayeux tapestry for the first time we see leg-defences of mail or of quilted work. The early Norman shield is generally of the kite shape; and is not held in the hand, like the round Saxon shield, by an iron handle across the inside of the umbo, but is fastened on the forearm by two straps, or hung round the neck by a guige. The weapons of the knightly order were the lance, sword, mace, and towards the middle of the twelfth century the battle-axe. The shaft of the lance was of uniform thickness throughout; the conical swell towards the hilt, in front of the grip, forming a guard to prevent the shaft from

slipping through the grasp, was an invention of much later times; but we find occasionally—a circumstance which we think Mr. Hewitt has not mentioned—that so early as the beginning of the thirteenth century the lance is sometimes furnished with a circular plate by way of guard in front of the grip. The lance at this period was also sometimes used javelin-wise.

The principal changes to be observed during the twelfth and former part of the thirteenth centuries are in the forms of the helmet and the shield, and in the introduction of the surcoat. The hauberk was now usually made with long sleeves, terminating in gloves, fingerless until the second half of the thirteenth century, and with a continuous coif for the head. Sometimes under, sometimes over, this coif was worn a skull-cap of iron; when worn over the coif, it has sometimes a nasal: sometimes it appears to be made of leather, and only strengthened with iron rim, and bands meeting at the top. The great flat-topped cylindrical helm worn over the hood of mail came into use in the time of Richard I.; it is seen on his second great seal. There were several varieties in its shape, and usually it had a moveable visor, formed like a door, to open horizontally on a hinge. An iron round hat with a broad brim (in shape like a modern "wide-awake") was also in use, and the conical helmet with nasal had not yet gone out of use. The shield gradually changed from the semi-cylindrical kite shape, which half enveloped the person of the bearer, to the heater shape, and gradually decreased in size and convexity. A round target was still sometimes used, especially by foot soldiers.

The surcoat over the armour, though rarely found towards the close of the twelfth, was not in general use until the early part of the thirteenth century; for the first half of the century it was sleeveless, afterwards sleeved. Mr. Hewitt tells us that the account usually given by imaginative modern writers of its introduction by the Crusaders, to mitigate the heat of the sun upon their iron hauberks, is unfounded, for contemporary writers tell us expressly that its purpose was to defend the armour from the wet.

With scharpe weppan and schene,  
Gay gowns of greene,  
To hold thayre armur cleane,  
And were \* it fro the wete.

*The Aweyng of K. Arthur.*

With submission to Mr. Hewitt, we do not think his quotation quite proves so much as he is disposed to deduce from it. That these gay green gowns kept their armour clean and dry, does not exclude the other conjecture—that they were introduced especially to keep it cool. A thin surcoat of silk or linen would not have much efficacy in protecting the hauberk from the effects of an English shower; it would be very efficacious in protecting it from sun and dust.

Our authorities for the latter part of the century are increased by the early examples of the series of monumental effigies, which are very valuable, since they present to us an exact full-sized sculptured copy, probably of the very suits of armour which the good knights who are thus commemorated wore at the period of their death.

The armour which was used in the earlier part of the century still continued, with but little alteration. The shield continued to diminish in size, until it became only about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, and almost triangular in shape. Fantastic shapes are also sometimes seen in the illuminated MSS. Some made to resemble a gigantic mask; others were heart-shaped and pear-shaped; and the round target was still used occasionally by mounted knights, more frequently by footmen. The commonest form of the great helm was the sugar-loaf shape, which came lower than its predecessors, so as to rest on the shoulders, and thus partially relieve the head from its great weight. It was strengthened in front with bars, disposed in the form of a cross with trefoil terminations to its limbs. A slit was made in the transverse bar for the sight; and holes were pierced beneath the transverse bar for breathing. Mr. Hewitt has not mentioned that in some instances, as we see from the MS. illuminations, the lower part of the front of these sugar-loaf helms opened upwards on a hinge, by way of visor. The apex has frequently a scarf fastened to it, and floating picturesquely behind; sometimes a crest, and sometimes an upright plume of feathers. But the most striking peculiarity in the armour of the close of the thirteenth century is the intro-

duction of the use of plate body-armour, a fashion which steadily grew until, in less than half a century, it banished the mail armour altogether. We have seen that a breastplate under the hauberk was already in use, and a helmet of iron. The next innovation was external kneecaps of iron, and similar defences at the elbow; then the shin and the exposed parts of the arm were protected by plates; and this is the extent to which the innovation had reached down to the end of the period at present under consideration.

During a part of this period the war-horses also were provided with defensive armour. These defences were introduced between the years 1285 and 1298. They consisted of a covering for the head and neck and forepart of the body, and another for the hinder quarters, sometimes composed of chain-mail, sometimes of quilted stuff; and, as the hauberk was covered with a surcoat, the horse-trappings seem sometimes to have been protected by a covering of similar kind. The horses who bore this armour upon themselves, and the weight of an armed man in addition, were necessarily powerful animals. The "Chronicum Colmariense," under date 1298, thus describes them: "Habebant et multos qui habebant dextrarios, id est, equos magnos, qui inter equos communes quasi Bucephalus Alexandri, inter alios eminebat"—(There were many who had destriers, that is great horses—great horse was a common phrase for a war-horse—who exceeded ordinary horses, as Alexander's Bucephalus excelled all others). The saddle had very high pommel and cantle, so as to render it very difficult for the lance-thrust to bear the rider back out of his saddle; and, to increase the difficulty, he was sometimes tied into his saddle. Among the obscure questions which Mr. Hewitt has ably discussed is that *questio vexata* of mediæval antiquaries the "Banded Mail." Towards the close of the thirteenth century we first find what appears to be a new kind of armour, to which the name of "banded mail" has been given. It is found afterwards throughout the fourteenth and even in the fifteenth century very commonly represented in illuminated MSS., stained glass, monumental effigies, &c.; but its exact construction has much perplexed the learned. Mr. Hewitt (p. 260) goes very fully into the question. He collates examples from all kinds of sources; and, though he leaves the question still undetermined, the data which he has brought together will interest many of our readers who have themselves puzzled over the subject, and may some day lead to its decision.

Mr. Hewitt gives a good deal of information of importance to the historical student, on the armour and weapons of the different classes of the people, and on the military organisation of England generally, under the feudal system of the middle ages—derived especially from the various statutes of arms by which the services of the military tenants were from time to time regulated. Three of these during the thirteenth century have been preserved, viz., for the years 1252, 1285, and 1298. A digest of them will be found at p. 210, *et seq.*, which we commend to the reader's attention.

The military engines of the thirteenth century comprised engines of the mangonel kind, not worked by twisted cords, as in modern times, but by means of a counterpoised beam; they were in fact great mechanical slings for casting stones and other missiles. There were also various engines, which we may call by the general name of arbalests, on the cross-bow principle, which threw great darts. The old contrivances to facilitate the approach of besiegers were still in use, under the names of cat, cat-castle, vinea, &c.; and the moveable timber towers for confronting the mural towers of town and castle walls. The mine and countermine were usual expedients in the warfare of the time. The illuminated MSS. of the period abound with curious representations of sieges; and Mr. Hewitt quotes some very interesting and detailed accounts of actual sieges. That of the French town and castle of Carcassonne is particularly instructive, from the circumstance that the town and castle still remain among the most perfect fortifications of the middle ages in existence; and the very accounts for the building of the walls and the preparations for their defence are also extant among the French archives. Drawings of the place are published in the "Essai sur l'architecture du moyen age."

On the subject of the Tournaments of the thirteenth century, the author also gives us some

curious and valuable notes. There are two documents of the period quoted which are especially valuable for their information; these are the "Statutum Armorum ad Tornamenta" (Statute of Arms for Tournaments), of date a little previous to 1295; and the roll detailing the "Empaciones facta contra Torneamentum de Parco de Windsor" (Purchases made against the Tournament in Windsor Park) in the sixth year of Edward I. (A.D. 1278). The work is illustrated with a considerable number of woodcuts from monuments, seals, and illuminations. We should gladly have seen the latter sources of illustration still more extensively used, for they exceed all others in the life and reality of the pictures which they give of contemporary costume and manners; but woodcuts are, alas! expensive luxuries, and we ought rather to thank Mr. Parker for the number with which he has obliged us, than to grumble that he has not given us more.

In conclusion we have only to repeat that Mr. Hewitt's work is the first volume of a valuable handbook of this interesting subject, and one which is indispensable to the mediæval historian and antiquarian. We hope that we shall soon have to welcome the remaining volume or volumes.

#### Rustic Adornments for Homes of Taste, and Recreations for Town Folk in the Study and Imitation of Nature. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD. London: Groombridge and Sons.

MR. HIBBERD'S volume suits the subject upon which it treats, in the elegance of its appearance, and the "adornments" which lend attraction to its pages. But it is not precisely what such a book ought to be. Scissors and paste have been too freely used; and there are many indications of the injurious haste with which it has been put together. One cannot read it attentively without perceiving that the author sometimes writes without that sound practical knowledge of details which gives value to instruction—more anxious to "make a book" than to convey clear and definite information to his readers. Nevertheless, *Rustic Adornments* will be a popular volume. It will find a home for itself in many a drawing-room; and we hope that it will give a good direction to the recreations and taste of many a family in middle life. Such a book, even if it were far worse executed than Mr. Hibberd's, is worthy of commendation for the cheerful and happy spirit which it is calculated to diffuse; and, although we have expressed dissatisfaction with the performance as a whole, because we think that it ought to have been done with greater care, we do not wish it to be understood that a very large amount of information may not be gathered from the volume.

There are half-a-dozen principal subjects discussed in the volume, namely, the Aquarium, the Wardian Case, the Aviary, the Apiary, the Rockery, and the Fernery; besides which we have a few observations upon miscellaneous Ornaments for Dwelling-rooms, and upon Garden Scenery and Ornaments. It will be seen from this enumeration of subjects that Mr. Hibberd desires "to heighten the enjoyments of home, and add fresh graces to the domestic hearth;" and we, in our humble way, would aid so excellent an object by some comments upon one of the subjects of his book. We do not propose to meddle with the Aviary, the Apiary, the Rockery, or the Fernery; and the Wardian Case and Miscellaneous Ornaments must also, for the present at least, be passed over. What we have to say concerns the Aquarium; and we shall endeavour to give our readers a few practical hint: thereupon.

We take it for granted that it is not necessary to enter into an elaborate description of an aquarium, vivarium, or aquavarium, for by each of these names has the subject of our remarks been designated. Every one who has visited the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park in recent years must know what it is; and we cannot at the present day walk through the streets of London, or lounge in one of its bazaars, without having an aquarium, in some of its forms, presented to our notice. Mr. Gosse, who is as yet the principal authority upon the subject, defines an aquarium to be "simply a vessel of water in which aquatic plants or animals, or both, are preserved alive." We contemplate by the contrivance the exhibition and domestication of aquatic animals in our ordinary sitting-rooms. A very few years ago

\* Protect.

we did not know how to effect this. A couple of gold-fish wiggle-wagging in a glass globe was the utmost that most of us thought of accomplishing; and it must be confessed that, pretty as the little captives might be, there was nothing either remarkably interesting or instructive in the study of their uneventful lives. To keep even these alive, a daily change of water was needful; and we imagine that the most attentive young lady seldom succeeded in extending the existence of her pets so long that the loss of them created a void in her heart which a new bonnet would not fill up. When we advanced a step beyond these hardy little fishes of the carp kind, failure inevitably attended us, and the idea of keeping aquatic animals alive and active for months and years upon our breakfast-table, without a change of the water in which they exist, was too monstrous to be entertained for a moment.

But this is what we are now able to do; and the wonder is that we did not find out the way of doing it long ago. Well known chemical laws regulate the whole affair. The great rule is, to keep both animals and plants, and thus to establish the balance in nature which exists between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is hardly necessary in these days of universal scientific knowledge to explain the *rationale* of the contrivance; but a word or two may be expended upon the point. Living animals yield carbon; living plants yield oxygen. Living animals require oxygen for their sustentation; living plants require carbon. Thus one requires what the other yields. Animals and plants living together in a vessel of water perform reciprocal good offices, and are maintained thereby in a condition of health and vigour; whereas, lacking that reciprocity, they would languish and die. This is the whole principle involved in the construction of an aquarium; and although we might be very learned and very diffuse, a multitude of hard names would not make the thing one whit clearer to the general reader. A fish placed in a jar of water sickens and dies. Why? Because it exhausts the oxygen necessary to the existence of animal life, contained in the water. Keep up a supply of oxygen to the water, and the fish will live. In an aquarium, we do this by growing aquatic plants, which give off as refuse the very pabulum of animal life.

An inquiry into the steps by which we have reached our present status in regard to this question would be interesting, but cannot be undertaken here. We purpose to be practical, and to help the reader to set up what we cannot but regard as one of the most charming "adornments for a home of taste." Truly does Mr. Hibberd say of an aquarium:

Considered as a domestic ornament it is insuperable; and while in its humblest form it presents a constant succession of beautiful and novel objects, so to all the accessories of artistic decoration it adds the charm of life in some of its most beautiful and strange developments. The merest glimpse of water is always refreshing to the eye: its clear, cool aspect; the mingling of many colours and forms; the peculiar growth of aquatic plants, and the still more curious forms and movements of aquatic animals, combine to form an assemblage of delightful and ever-changing pictures.

There are plenty of places in London where an aquarium, marine or fresh-water, may be purchased ready formed and stocked. Of fresh-water aquaria an abundant supply of indifferent specimens may be procured at the bazaars and florists' shops; and there is no difficulty in procuring marine aquaria, that is, vessels containing sea-animals and seaweeds; for at least two naturalists undertake to supply them complete, namely, Mr. W. A. Lloyd, of 164, St. John-street-road, and Mr. T. Hall, Fountain-place, City-road. But let the reader undertake the task of fitting up an aquarium for himself, watching its progress and guarding against failure; and when success shall have rewarded his efforts, he will take ten times as much interest in the perfect work, as if he had simply put his hand into his pocket, and paid for the trouble taken by other people.

The first thing to decide upon is the form and size of the receptacle for the living specimens of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Of what shape shall it be? In the number of *Fraser's Magazine* for May 1855, "C. D. B." (initials which do duty for Dr. Badham) wrote an amusing paper under the title of "Periwinkles in Pound," recommending a vessel shaped like "the broader segment of a Marie-Louise pear, cut

horizontally across somewhere below the middle." We agree with Mr. Hibberd in condemning this shape, and think it may be put out of our consideration altogether. Others may not agree with us; they may possibly rather admire the fantastic distortions which it produces; and for their information we state that Dr. Badham procured his glasses from Mr. Bowers, Corn-market, Ipswich, at a cost of 15s. each; they contained about nine gallons. Doubtless they could be procured equally well in London, although Dr. Badham says he was driven to a provincial tradesman by failure upon application to one or two large glass-shops in the metropolis. We know that Messrs. Phillips, of 116, Bishopsgate-street Without, undertake to supply a vase-shaped aquarium upon a glass pedestal for one pound.

But we repeat that vase-shapes are not to be recommended. It can hardly admit of a doubt that the best shape is a rectangular parallelogram, the sides and ends formed of plate glass, fixed into a metallic (cast-iron for preference) framework, and the bottom of slate; or the sides only may be of plate glass, and the two ends as well as the bottom of slate. The size must depend upon circumstances. Bear in mind that water is heavy, and you want a stout support for ten or twelve gallons raised table height. It seems to us that for an ordinary room, a tank two feet six inches long, one foot three inches deep, and one foot three inches wide—that is, a double cube—will be convenient and sufficient. The cost of such a tank will probably be about three guineas, which we take leave to think will afford a very handsome profit to the manufacturer. At Birmingham, Messrs. Lloyd and Summerfield are manufacturing some beautiful things entirely of glass, pillars, stands, and all: these will be valued by purchasers who are not particular as to a guinea or two. It behoves the purchaser to be careful that he deal with an experienced manufacturer, or he will find the water oozing out at the corners of his vessel before he has had it long in use. There are three firms in London—and many others doubtless—in whom he may put confidence, namely, Messrs. Sanders and Woolcot, 1½, Guildford-street and Doughty-street; Messrs. Phillips and Co., 116, Bishopsgate-street Without (already mentioned); and Messrs. Tregon and Co., 57, Gracechurch-street, whom Mr. Hibberd recommends. To these metropolitan firms we may add a provincial one, whom it may be convenient to some of our readers to be made aware of. Messrs. Greef and Co., of Cambridge, have commenced the manufacture of aquaria, Mr. Edlin, of that firm, having paid a good deal of attention to the subject. We think that they turn out a better and cheaper article than the London tradesmen.

A much cheaper form is that of a cylinder. There is some distortion in this form, but much less than in the globular or vase-shaped glass; and we are inclined to think that upon the whole it is not very much inferior to the oblong rectangular tank. At any rate, its cheapness will always be a strong recommendation; for a very few shillings will enable you to start an aquarium upon this principle. In the room in which we write we have a handsome and interesting one, which cost us about a half-a-dozen shillings. The common propagating-glasses, of a slightly green tinge, are used for aquaria of this sort. One of fifteen inches in diameter is a good size, and the cost of such a glass is three shillings. Invert it upon a turned stand of wood, with a circular hole in the centre for the knob, and you have a capital aquarium, holding seven or eight gallons of water, and capable of being turned round in its stand with the greatest ease, so that any part of it may be examined or exposed to the sun, without whose aid success in the establishment of an aquarium must not be expected. Propagating glasses of all sizes, up to twenty inches in diameter, fitted up in this manner, may be procured at very reasonable rates either at Messrs. Phillips and Co.'s, or at Mr. Millington's, 87, Bishopsgate-street Without.

Having procured a tank, the next step is to prepare it for the reception of animal and vegetable life. But there are two kinds of aquaria, marine and fresh-water, which require very different treatment. The former kind is, perhaps, the more interesting and curious, because it has to do with creatures whose habits are unfamiliar to us, and present many strange peculiarities. One of the advantages of an aquarium is, that it enables us to study at our leisure the habits of creatures which live far away from human obser-

vation; and a marine aquarium must ever, for that reason alone, present unequalled attractions to the lover of nature. But in the fitting up of a marine aquarium most of our readers would be compelled to resort to the assistance of others. Those who live on the sea-coast will collect for themselves all that is needful, and rejoice in that labour of love; but the majority of us are not so blessed as to have the glorious ocean for a daily companion. Londoners and inhabitants of inland towns generally, if they wish to possess a marine aquarium, must forego the pleasure of constructing and stocking it out of the proceeds of their own investigations into the treasures of nature amongst the rocks and pools of the coast. Nevertheless, there will be something for them to do; for, although the materials can be purchased, a ready-stocked aquarium cannot very well be transmitted about the country. They will have to make use of the materials, and success or failure will depend upon the way in which they do this. Before we go a step further, we ought to say that Mr. Lloyd, whom we have already named, and who is a modest and unassuming person who pursues the study of natural history under great difficulties, will supply all things necessary, both great and small. He has correspondents on various parts of the coast, who keep him supplied with animal and vegetable marine life.

Mr. Hibberd, treading in the footsteps of Mr. Gosse, says the first thing to be done is to construct some fanciful rockwork in the tank, forming arches, caves, &c., for the retreat of the living animals; and he insists upon the necessity of cementing the rocks to the glass with Roman or Portland cement. We do not back up these gentlemen upon this point. We say, in a marine aquarium avoid cement. The salt-water will soak out the lime, and the probability is that death will devastate the stock. Moreover, in a small aquarium, suitable for an ordinary apartment, there is really very little space for much rock-work, and cement is quite unnecessary for all that is advisable. Lay a foundation of well-washed sea-sand a couple of inches deep; over this, on one side, sprinkle a covering of perfectly clean pebbles to vary the bottom, and scatter a few shells about. You may pick up a picturesque block of granite or a few flints anywhere, and with these, and a few pieces of coral, shade and cover will be amply provided. Dispose them as taste dictates upon your bottom of sand. In one case, we have with good effect substituted a large nautilus shell for granite; and there can be no difficulty in constructing a tasty and convenient interior arrangement without the aid of any cement whatever.

The tank is now ready for water. If this can be procured quite pure and clean from the sea, so much the better. But natural sea-water is not necessary. Mr. Gosse discovered that artificial sea-water answers every purpose. His formula for a gallon is as follows:

Common table salt .....	$3\frac{1}{2}$	ounces.
Epsom salts.....	"	"
Chloride of magnesium....	$200$	grains
Chloride of potassium ...	$40$	Troy.

These salts are kept compounded by Mr. Bolton, chemist, High Holborn, and Mr. Lloyd also supplies them along with other things. The above quantity is sufficient for about a gallon of water; but, to prevent mistake, it is safest to use the hydrometer, or a specific gravity bubble, the cost of which is one shilling.

The water thus prepared will be cloudy for a day or two. When it becomes clear, growing sea-weeds must be introduced, on the pieces of rock to which they are attached. The green kinds are the best; but the red are good also, and very beautiful: as a rule, the brown kinds may be eschewed. We purposely abstain from going into details upon the botanical names of the weeds: the reader will probably be obliged to take such as he can obtain; and if he be fortunate enough to be able to select for himself from the boundless stores of ocean, we have said enough to guide him. One thing requires caution: the weed must be attached to a piece of rock—torn off and washed ashore, it is useless. Soon after the weeds are put into the tank, streams of oxygen bubbles will be poured off, ascending through the water like diamonds, and studding every stone and shell. The effect of this is delightful to see: it shows that the principle upon which the aquarium is to be established is at work: the weeds are doing their duty, and diffusing the pabulum of animal life through the water into the tank. Let the operation go on:

encourage it by placing your tank in a window where it will receive the stimulating influence of the sun's rays; not, however, to so great a degree as to make the water tepid. In a few days, or say a week, if everything goes on properly, the water will be perfectly pellucid, and ready for the reception of animal life. Be cautious now: too much eagerness may spoil your work. Begin by introducing a few hardy things, such as the smooth sea anemone (*Actinia mesembryanthemum*), and when these have made themselves at home, and fixed upon the rocks or sides of the glass, spreading out their tentacles and displaying their variegated colours, you may add some of the other kinds, which are a little more delicate, such as the *Dianthus* and *Bellis*, which you will be able to procure at the places already indicated. By and by, you may introduce crabs, prawns, and a few of such small fish as you may be able to obtain. The Goby is an admirable little fish for this purpose, and not difficult to come at. Upon this point, however, Mr. Hibberd gives a great deal of information, and we gladly refer to his volume.

Probably by this time, although the water remains beautifully clear, the sides of the glass are becoming dim and dirty. This is attributable to the spores of vegetable matter, the germs of new plants. If the process be allowed to go on unrestrained, the transparency of the vessel will very soon be destroyed. Happily, there is an easy remedy. Put into the tank about a dozen periwinkles; they will act as scavengers, and soon restore the crystalline purity of the walls of the tank. Periwinkles, in fact, are indispensable. Possibly it may also be necessary to wipe the sides of the glass with a sponge tied to a piece of stick; in doing this, be sure not to disturb the deposit on any part except the glass, for it is a fine manufactory of oxygen, and is one of the surest indications of success.

We have, in the most superficial manner possible, just run over the leading points in the establishment of a marine aquarium. The reader, however, must understand that there are very many little matters which will need attention in order to insure permanent success. Extreme cleanliness must be enforced; whatever is put in must be first well washed. Every scrap of refuse or purifying matter must be removed, for which purpose a large wooden spoon or two will be found useful. Frequent examination must be made, to see if any of the animals have died; and, if they have, instant removal must be resorted to. It is advisable, too, to agitate the surface of the water well every day, which may be done with a quill for instance, or with a glass syringe. Serious evils will also sometimes arise, which cannot well be accounted for. Perhaps the water will assume a green tinge, and at length become so turbid that you cannot see an inch from the side: filtering may in this case become necessary; but experience must be the guide in this and other cases. Trouble there will be undoubtedly; what can be done without trouble? Do not give way before it. If you fail try again, and profit by your want of success; you will succeed at last, and then you will acknowledge that a well-stocked marine aquarium is an object of peculiar interest and amusement, and an unequalled "adornment for a home of taste."

In the fitting up of a fresh-water aquarium, Mr. Hibberd tells us that it is necessary to lay down a bottom of clay and mud, for the growth of the aquatic plants. It is not necessary to do anything of the kind. Avoid any such dirty work, say we. Lay down a bottom of well-washed pebbles, gravel, and coarse sand, and upon this arrange your rock-work. Cement need not be so strictly tabooed as in the marine aquarium; and we have seen some very pretty devices, in which cement is used, in the central avenue of Covent-garden Market. But how are the plants to grow without soil? it may be asked. Aquatic plants derive their chief nourishment from the water, and what little soil is necessary can be supplied in a more cleanly way than by laying down a bottom of mud. There are two ways of doing this. Put a small ball of clay and sand about the roots of your plants, tie up the whole in a bit of canvass, and then sink it amongst the pebbles and gravel, just covering the canvass. This plan is adopted, we believe, at the Zoological Gardens. A more convenient way than this, and a more elegant way too, is to fill several shells with a mixture of sand and clay, and plant your weeds therein, taking care to cover the soil with a sprinkling of pebbles. The shells can then be dropped into the water at

whatever point you please, and can be moved or taken away altogether, without creating any dirt or confusion. Moreover, they are pretty objects in a tank; so that we prefer this mode of managing the plants to any other.

What plants shall we use? In this respect there is *embarras de richesse*. You may pick up a dozen weeds out of ponds and ditches in a morning's walk that will serve the purpose; and if you plant them in shells there is this advantage, that you can change them as often as you please, with comparatively no trouble at all. The commonest of all weeds now is that *Anacharis alsinastrum*, which is choking up half of our navigable rivers; it is well adapted for an aquarium, in consequence of the large quantity of oxygen which it gives off. The *Valisneria spiralis* is also generally recommended as almost indispensable. You cannot pick this up in ditches, but must purchase it at a florist's shop. Not many weeks ago we asked the price of a root in a shop in the Arcade at the Brighton Railway station, and the tradesman had the conscience to ask eighteenpence. In King William-street, they asked a shilling; and, finally, in Covent-garden one drawback to the use of *Valisneria*—the snails market, we bought it at threepence. There is (which act in fresh water the same part as periwinkles in marine aquaria) love it to distraction, and will eat it down, however luxuriant it may be; we therefore depend more upon other plants. *Myriophyllum spicatum* (spiked water-milfoil) does very well, and so do *Callitricha autumnalis* and *C. vernalis*. In fact, you cannot well go wrong. Some of the weeds will probably grow wild and straggling, but they can be thinned or removed. For ornament, the *Hydrocharis morsus ranae* (floating frog's-bit) is a pretty little thing; and if you can get a plant of the *Aponogeton distachyon* (Cape pond-weed), don't omit to do so; for it is a fine handsome affair, as you may satisfy yourself by inspecting one in the tank in the left-hand corner after you enter the fish-house in Regent's Park.

We will suppose your tank ready for the introduction of animal life—the water clear, and the plants giving off their bubbles of oxygen to the sun. As we said in the case of the marine aquarium, so say we now—Be cautious. Do not overstock. Mr. Hibberd recommends you to put into a tank containing twenty-four gallons six gold fish, two British carp, four small tench, two small perch, two bleak, three dace, four small eels, two chub, four roach, twelve minnows, twelve gudgeon, twenty-four sticklebacks, six newts, twenty or thirty pond-snails, and as many water-beetles as you can get! If you were to act upon this advice, we fear you would make a Black-hole-of-Cuttacka of your aquarium. Be content with three small gold fish, not so large as your thumb, which you can buy for sixpence each in Covent-garden market; a couple of the brown variety, and of Prussian carp, to be had at the same place; half a dozen sticklebacks; two small perch; four minnows; a couple of bleak; a couple of eels as thick as a quill; and as many snails as may be necessary to keep your glass clear. You will have plenty of amusement with such a collection as the above. The gold fish and their allies look beautiful swimming about amidst green groves; and the sticklebacks and minnows are the liveliest and most laughable of companions. The worst of them is that they are mischievous. We had one veteran stickleback who reigned the monarch of the tank, tyrannising abominably over all his subjects, and cowering even a jack who shared his domicile. Accident befel him; and he reigns no more. The present monarch is a minnow, a remarkably handsome fellow, green, and gold, and silver, and blue, and rosy red. But "handsome is that handsome does." We fear he must be dethroned and decapitated; for he keeps the whole community in a state of endless commotion and alarm. The jack which we spoke of just now was, and probably is, a most interesting genius. He was a mere baby—a jack in long-clothes—about four inches long. We raked him out of a railway-ditch in a heap of weeds. For a fortnight he inhabited a tank, with nothing but three-spined sticklebacks for companions and food. The little prickly ones didn't care a rap for their voracious friend; they hustled about him just as fearlessly as if he had had no receptacle within him for little fishes. Not an attempt did he make to molest them. One day a small hairy caterpillar was dropped into the water, and half-a-dozen sticklebacks attacked it and tugged at it. Jack pricked up his ears—that is, he would

have pricked them up if he had had any—wagged his tail, snapped his jaws, dashed amongst the struggling group of small fry, and "fluttered the Volscians" most thoroughly. The caterpillar disappeared miraculously. This whetted Jack's appetite: he seized a stickleback by the nape of the neck, and sailed off with his prize in the expectation of a feast. The head was worked round into his mouth, and an attempt to swallow the prize followed. But it wouldn't do. Up went three prongs, and tickled Jack curiously; he didn't know what to make of it; he dashed about his prison, without, however, letting go his prize. Three times did he attempt to gorge that unhappy stickleback, but without avail, and at last was glad to spit it out of his mouth. The wretch was sadly maimed, and his wicked brothers and sisters, seeing this, attacked him themselves, and soon put an end to his life. After this Jack let the three-spines alone; but a stickleback of a different and less offensive kind was put into the tank, and in five minutes was undergoing the process of digestion in Jack's interior. He was a voracious rascal, and would swallow ten or a dozen roach fry for his breakfast. We found it troublesome to supply his wants, and so handed him over to the care of a keeper who has more time than we have to pamper his appetite, and he flourishes still, we believe, and is the admiration of hundreds of visitors.

One word about water-beetles. Mr. Hibberd says, "put in as many water-beetles as you can get." This is absurd; you can get thousands. Our advice is, have nothing to do with them. They are voracious and destructive brutes; they will destroy all your small fish sooner or later, and there are no interesting qualities about them to compensate for the mischief which they do. We had two large and four small beetles in one of our tanks. The large ones terrified us out of our wits almost one night by flying around the room with a boom like the rush of the sea; they went no more to their aquatic home. The small ones we allowed to remain; but we found a carp half eaten alive one day, and a small dace the next; and so we sacrificed the cruel brutes, and have gone on much better without them.

We ought to have mentioned that it is right to change the water about once a week for the first month after your aquarium is commenced, by that time the weeds and their spores will have become quite established. But it may happen that even after that, turbidity will come on. "Filtering," says Mr. Hibberd, "must be resorted to if this takes place." Here is an instance of that carelessness which we have condemned in Mr. Hibberd's book. He thought he was writing about marine aquaria when he made that foolish remark. It is absurd to talk about filtering in a fresh-water aquarium: change the water.

There are many points on which we might say a word, but it is time to bring our rambling remarks to an end. The reader may take our word for it that an aquarium is a source of constant interest and amusement, and we shall be well pleased if we have in some small degree assisted him to set up such an addition to the refined enjoyments of life.

*A Cyclopædia of Geography, Descriptive and Physical; forming a New General Gazetteer of the World and Dictionary of Pronunciation.* By JAMES BRYCE, M.A., F.G.S. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin. 1856.

This volume is fully described in its title-page, and all that remains for the critic is to ascertain whether the promises there made have been fairly performed. After a careful and rigorous examination, we must admit that, so far as it is possible to compress the whole world within the narrow limits of a single volume, Mr. Bryce has performed the task. Not only is every country, province, island, town, and river of importance described with great fidelity; but even places of second-rate rank are not left unmentioned. To give some idea of the care with which the work is executed, we may mention that the population of the towns and the total length of the rivers are given in every important case. As a work of reference this book is very valuable.

*Lord Brougham's Natural Theology* forms the new volume of the edition of his collected works now in course of publication by Griffin and Co., of Glasgow. It was one of the noble Lord's most popular works. It was written for the people, and it should be widely circulated among the people. It should be placed in the hands of youth everywhere, for it will instruct while it interests them.

*The Select Works of Dr. Chalmers, Vol. VIII.* contains the second part of his "Institutes of Theology."

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC ABROAD.

AUTHORS are rivals, authors are mutually jealous, authors quarrel, and sometimes even fight. The same holds true of publishers; all belong to the irritable genus of humanity. There is a pretty booksellers' quarrel going on in Paris at present about the new edition of the *Mémoires de Saint-Simon*. The original manuscript of the memoirs, we learn, was given or ceded to Louis XV. by the heirs of the Duke, who were afraid their precious materials would fall into the hands of creditors. The King placed them among the archives of the Minister for Foreign Affairs; and, under the Restoration, Louis XVIII. gave them up to the family. In 1829 Messrs. Sautelet and Paulin acquired the right of publishing an edition. Some years after another bookseller commenced an edition, promising that it should be more complete than the former, and give, besides, the ancient orthography of the author. This edition was stopped at the first volume, in consequence of an action having been brought by the original publishers against the new one. Hachette and Co., having recently purchased from M. Saint-Simon, the present possessor of the manuscript, the right of publishing the *Mémoirs*, have announced three editions simultaneously, at the prices which will be found in our book-list. Barba, not to be behindhand with his neighbours, has announced two editions, one at the rate of twenty francs, the other (in 20 volumes) at the rate of eighty francs. Indignant at this proceeding, M. Saint-Simon has instituted legal proceedings against the publisher, which have not yet terminated. The Hachette edition is allowed, meanwhile, to be far the most correct of any that has hitherto appeared. The great interest is in the *Mémoirs* themselves, and not in the publishers' squabble. Saint-Simon was a man who mixed largely in society, was a keen observer, a most felicitous writer, abounding in anecdote and humour. We are indebted to our contemporary *L'Athénaeum Français* for a few extracts from Saint-Simon's inedited annotations to the *Journal de Dangeau*, published about two months ago by the Didots. Thus:

Sauteuil was not made for Saint-Victor. He was a poet every bit of him, capricious, a jolly companion, bold, full of salt, amorous of liberty, a lover of good wine and good cheer, but very cautious so far as the ladies were concerned. A volume might be made of the stories he has furnished, every one more curious and amusing than the other; versed in the belles-lettres, of a prodigious memory, and endowed with a gift of making beautiful Latin verses, rarely given to any one, and with all this a fund of religious sentiment; desired in every society, where he constituted the ornament and gave delight to every one. He amused the Prince, who was well read and who liked his vagaries. The Duke was also fond of his company. He took him with him to Dijon, where he went to hold the States, and where one evening, after being warmed with chat and wine, he took a large glass in his hand. The Duke took the opportunity of emptying the contents of his snuff-box into it; the poor man swallowed it, and died shortly afterwards.

Another example of practical joking does not read quite so well.

The Abbé Froulay, Count of Lyons, was a priest, a good man not deficient in spirit and wit, but notwithstanding an eccentric being, one of the most prodigious eaters in France till the day of his death, without being a glutton or a drunkard. He always travelled on foot by choice, and had lodgings and a night-gown in every quarter of Paris, to have a change when he had need, for he perspired greatly, and was very big and very fat. All the summer he went about *sens culotte*, with only his cassock. A choir-boy, who found him in a church where he frequently said mass, had the malice, in robing him in the sacristy, to pin his alb to the tails of his cassock and chemise; when, in elevating the host, he had to raise his chasuble and alb in such fashion, that he presented a nakedness so strange that the audience burst out in a universal fit of laughter and surprise.

Another example of the joke practical is given in a note to a passage in *Dangeau*, who writes: "On the 6th Sept. 1698, Tessé, Colonel-General of the Dragoons, was ordered by the King to wear his cap when he saluted him at the head of the Dragoons. This was never done except for the King." Saint-Simon on this passage in the journal makes the following note:—

This cap of Tessé's, to salute the King, was the cause of an ugly trick played upon him by M. de Lauzun, for whom the command of Colonel-General of the Dragoons, which Tessé held, was created. He asked him how he intended to salute the King at the head of the Dragoons, and, after various hints, told him, with authority, that it was his duty to salute on such occasions with a grey hat. Tessé, delighted with such important advice, sent to Paris for an article which had never entered his mind. After the grey hat had arrived and been decorated with a cockade and plumes, he went to the levee, and surprised the company with an ornament become so extraordinary, the reason of which he told every one who asked him. The door opened, the King no sooner perceived the grey hat with which Tessé had decked himself, and which he stood before him in, than, shocked with a colour he detested as well as with hats the use of which he had abolished, he asked Tessé by whom he had been advised to take to the hat. Tessé, smiling and simpering, stammered and muttered between his teeth, while Lauzun, who was standing by, laughed in his sleeve. Driven into a corner by two or three questions asked him in a serious tone, he explained the use of the hat; but he was quite astounded when he heard the demand where the devil he had got it, and immediately his friend Lauzun disappeared. Tessé mentioned him, and the King replied to him that Lauzun had been making game of him, and recommended him to send his grey hat instantly to the general of the Premonstrants. The Dragoons did not fail to tease him, and he was not soon delivered from the laughter and pleasantries of the courtiers.

Such a trifle as a forbidden grey hat could shock and amuse the court of France in those days.

Among Death's doings, we find the name of Auguste Thierry, author of "*Histoire de la conquête d'Angleterre*," on the 22nd inst., at the age of sixty-one. He was a member of the Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres, and was blind and paralytic for several years before his death. The day before, one of the most fertile *vauvillestes* of France, Hyacinthe de Comberousse, died suddenly at Paris, aged sixty-nine. Again, on the 11th inst., died, at Rome, the learned Jesuit, Gian Pietro Secchi, Professor of Greek, and librarian to the Roman library. He was profoundly versed in Pagan and Christian archaeology, hermeneutics, Church history, and philosophy. His best known works are, "*La Cattedra di S. Marco di Venezia*," and the "*Analisi dell'edizione del Nuovo Testamento greco*." It is stated that he has left behind him, in a state fit to be printed, the materials for a new Egyptian dictionary. The "*Contemplations*" of Victor Hugo do not appear to have been favourably received in Paris, not because his two volumes are destitute of merit, but because the press fears to express itself fearlessly and honestly on the merits of a *proscrit*. Two new poems are shortly expected from his pen—*Dieu*, and *La fin de Satan*. From Kohl, who has been travelling for the last two years in America, we expect shortly to hear good account. He is a traveller and book-maker by profession, but what he writes is good. His observations, if not always profound, have the merit of novelty. He seizes on all that is most salient in the character of a people or the features of a country. In his recent *Reise in Canada*, he hits off the Yankee and Hibernian in the following fashion. He found himself on board a steamboat, between an Irishman and an American. When the Irishman learned that Kohl was a German, he inquired eagerly who in Germany were the strongest party, the Catholics or the Protestants? Kohl supposed they might be about equal. "How many on each side?" pursued the Irishman. "I should think about sixteen or seventeen millions." "Seventeen millions!" exclaimed the Irishman, glowing. "Capital. What a famous row if they were all to have a set-to together!" "Yes," chimed in the American, "and what an excellent business for me if I had to supply the cudgels!"

The life of a poet—*Lenau's Leben*, taken in great part from his correspondence—has been published by his brother-in-law, A. X. Schurz. The author of "*Savonarola*" and the "*Albigenses*," was born at Csastad, a little village situated about four leagues from Temeswar, in Hungary, on the 13th Aug. 1802. Lenau was the synonyme he adopted for Niembisch von Strehlenz. He studied at Vienna, first philosophy, then jurisprudence, and lastly medicine. He had much sweetness, earnestness, and boldness

as a poet, but does not take rank in the first order of those who have made themselves famous through their verses. His correspondence, which is far from uninteresting, lets us into the secret of a heart strangely at variance with itself, tortured by a twofold love, which, it is said, brought him to his grave. Sophia and Caroline were antagonistic in their characters—at least they created an antagonism in the breast of the poet. Sophia was his muse; Caroline his handmaiden. The one contributed to his spiritual, the other to his more material nature. He loved both; hence the continual conflict that agitated his soul. "You know so well how to make my life happy," he writes to Sophia, "and to breathe into my heart words of strength when you see me discouraged." The poet must have been one not very easy to please, however. In one of his letters he says of himself:

I am not of the number of favoured poets who, like Goethe, are happy by themselves and in their works. My works do not appertain to me; and as to myself, I would surrender myself willingly to what one would of me. It has been sometimes said that my works are plastic. This is so far true at least, that I set about my work like a plastic artist; and as the statuary destroys his model, so I destroy myself to get rid of my thoughts. I shall be pardoned, no doubt, if the blood does not flow in my heart as regularly as the drops of water in a hydraulic clock. Nothing divine has come to me in this life without grief following it.

Was Caroline, then, a thing divine, who brought grief in her train? We must infer as much. Writing to his "dear Sophia," he says:—

Your few pages have broken my heart. Caroline loves and wishes to be with me. She regards it as her mission to join her life to mine and embellish it. My sentiments towards you remain eternal and inviolable; but the affection of Caroline has profoundly touched me. It belongs to you to exercise your humanity towards my torn heart. Caroline loves me beyond all expression; she has written to me. If I repulse her I shall render her miserable and myself too, for she is worthy of all my heart. If you withdraw your heart from me, you will be my death; if you are unhappy, I shall die. Would I were dead already!

To ordinary mortals it is not given to understand the nature of this double love upon any consideration consistent with a sound moral constitution. It is a problem for the psychologists to resolve. It does not appear that Sophia was disposed to hold a half-share in the poet's heart; on the contrary, she appears to have given him counsel he could not follow, for he writes to her, "The way you have indicated to me passes by the door of my death," and his death soon after took place.

We pass on to another poet of another character—to one who has tasted grief; but, if we may so speak, the legitimate grief, which, if it leaves a scar on the heart that time can never efface, is regarded by a true man as the honourable wound dealt by the hand of Providence for a wise purpose.

We have already spoken of the *Cours familier de littérature*—a periodical written entirely by Lamartine himself. From the third discourse, which appeared a week or two ago, we give the following extract, a passage from the poet's life:—

Gentleness towards man and towards all nature is the second divine character of the Indian philosophy and literature. I wish to tell you one of the effects of this literature upon my soul. One day I went out to the chase, carrying with me an English volume of translations from the Sanscrit, the sacred language of the Indians. A roe, innocent and happy, bounded joyously on the dewy wild thyme on the borders of a wood. I perceived it from time to time through the bushes of the heath, erecting its ears, beating with its horns, scented the breeze, warming its soft fur in the sun, browsing on the young shoots, enjoying solitude and security. I was the son of a hunter. I had passed my young days with gamekeepers, village curés, and country gentlemen who uncoupled their hounds with those of my father. I had never yet reflected on the brutal instinct of man, which makes death an amusement, and which takes away the life, without necessity, without justice, without pity, and without right, of animals, which would have the same right to hunt and kill, if they were as insensible, as armed, and as ferocious in his pleasure as he is. My dog couched; I took aim with my fusil. I experienced a certain remorse—a certain

hesitation to cut off at once such life, such joy, such innocence in a being that had never done me harm; that enjoyed the same light, the same day, the same pleasure in morning, with myself; a creature created by the same Providence, endowed, perhaps in a different degree, with the same sensibility and the same thought as myself, bound perhaps by the same bonds of paternity as myself in its forest, seeking its brother, expected by its mother, hoped for by its companion, brayed for by its young. But the mechanical instinct of habit carried away the nature repugnant to murder. I fired—the roe fell, its shoulder broken by the ball, struggling in vain in its anguish on the grass crimsoned with its blood. When the smoke had dispersed I approached, pale and shuddering, the subject of my crime. The poor, beautiful creature was not dead. He regarded me, his head couched on the grass, with tears flowing from his eyes. I shall never forget that look, to which astonishment, anguish, unexpected death, seemed to give the depth of human feeling as intelligibly as words—for the eye has its language, above all when it is being closed for ever.

The poet proceeds, making the dying roe apostrophise against him for his gratuitous cruelty: "Who art thou? I know thee not; I know not that I have ever offended thee. I might love thee, perhaps. Why hast thou stricken me to death?" The poet in proceeding gets rather too sentimental for an English taste; but, nevertheless, he puts a question, which should find a conscientious reply from every humane heart: "By what right take I, for the sake of my amusement, as I may consider it—for my mere amusement—the life of bird that flieth or fish that swimmeth?" We have pursued in our day the "solitary vice," and have rejoiced in capturing a chub or hooking a barbel. We have pointed aim and slain a merry singing finch or linnet to prove our dexterity with a single barrel. By what right? We have neither right nor privilege to plead in our favour. We last saw the joints of our hickory fishing-rod converted into graduated walking-sticks, adapted to different growths of a new generation.

We have expended our squibs and crackers, our gas and rockets, and shall no doubt, as a "nation of shop-keepers," fall back upon quieter and less brilliant pursuits. Had M. de Rémusat seen our streets an evening or two ago, he might not have been so ready to characterise, in his work *L'Angleterre au 18e siècle*, London as the city of motion without noise. Like many other foreigners, he informs us in this work, which, in passing, is not devoid of historical skill—giving in two volumes an epitome of our history from 1700 to 1806—"The sky (of London) is one compact cloud. Upon the dark waves of the river a multitude of vessels cruise in silence. Between two uniform lines of houses with smoky walls and brilliant windows, a throng of men and horses pass to and fro without accident. A few paces, and ships, houses, carriages, all disappear in the fog. I call London the city of motion without noise." Well, we had the compact cloud, dark and threatening enough. What took place upon the river we cannot tell. Between two uniform rows of houses there were men enough, women enough, and smoke enough, in all conscience. There was motion, but it cannot be said there was silence. There was stagnation, and then and there there was the greatest din. There was light, and where the brighter it shone there was the greatest confusion. Our neighbours do not understand us as a people, and it is quite as possible that we do not understand them. We may take it upon ourselves, however, to say, that in the crowded streets of London law, order, courtesy, are as well understood and acted upon as in any capital of Europe. The lights were voluntary as were our armies. In point of artistic excellence we may be behind our neighbours in pyrotechny and illuminations, as our armies were behind them in numbers. What we lack in skill and numbers we always make up for in spontaneous and free-will endeavour to do our best. To return, however, to M. de Rémusat's work, it is composed of eight chapters, which are well worth perusal. They are intituled—1. A view of England. 2. Example. 3. The historical recollections of the people of England. 4. Constitutional principles. 5. The aristocracy. 6. Religion. 7. Two centuries of France and England. 8. England viewed by ancient France. The last chapter is, perhaps, the most interesting of the whole, as the author shows, in curious details, how England was judged of by France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

### Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

#### FRENCH.

Banville, Th. de.—*Odelettes*. Paris. 18mo. 1s.  
Barbara, Charles—*Histoires émouvantes*, &c. Paris. 18mo. 1s.  
Bausset, Cardinal de.—*Histoire de Fénelon . . . augmentée d'une notice historique sur la vie et les ouvrages de l'auteur*. 4 vols. Lyon. 8vo. 5s.  
Bazancourt, Baron de.—*L'expédition de Crimée jusqu'à la prise de Sébastopol. Chroniques de la guerre d'Orient*. 2nd part. Paris. 8vo.  
Coussemaker, Van.—*Chants populaires des Flamands de France*. Paris. 8vo.  
Fresne de Beaucourt, G. du.—*Le règne de Charles VII*, d'après M. Henri Martin et les sources contemporaines. Paris. 8vo.  
Gauilleur, E. H.—*Histoire de Genève, depuis la constitution de cette ville en république jusqu'à nos jours (1532-1856)*. Genève. 8vo. 6s.  
Gautier, Théophile.—*Caprices et Zigzags*. 2nd ed. Paris. 16mo. 3s.  
Ghévond, an Armenian Verdabed.—*Histoire des guerres et des conquêtes des Arabes en Arménie*. (Translated by Garabed V. Chahazarian, with notes.) Paris. 8vo. 3s.  
Karr, Alphonse—*Clodis Gosselin*. Paris. 16mo. 3s.  
Kérhaller, Cap. C. P. de.—*Considérations générales sur l'océan Pacifique*, &c. Paris. 8vo. 5s.  
Laval, Alex.—*Les femmes célèbres de la Révolution*. Le livr. Mlle. de Sombren. Paris. 8vo. (The work will be completed in 2 vols., with fifty portraits.) 1s.  
Mémoires et souvenirs sur la cour de Bruxelles et sur la société Belge, depuis l'époque de Marie-Thérèse jusqu'à nos jours, publiés par P. Roger, &c. Lessines. 8vo. 6s.  
Pietet, Adolphe.—*Du Beau dans la nature. L'art et la poésie. Études esthétiques*. Paris. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Saint-Simon.—*Mémoires complets*, &c. Tom. IV. Paris. 8vo. 4s.  
Saint-Simon, le Duc de.—*Mémoires complets et authentiques*, &c. Paris. 8vo. (Large paper edition, in 20 vols. 15s.; fine paper, 4s; small paper, in 12 vols. 24s.)  
Sand, George.—*Evenement et Leucippe*. 3 vols. Paris. 8vo.  
Sand, George.—*Françoise, comédie en quatre actes et en prose*. Paris. 18mo. 2s.  
Texier, Edmond.—*Amour et Finance*. Paris. 18mo. 1s.

#### GERMAN.

Abeken, H.—*Eintritt, &c.* (The entry of Turkey into the European policy of the eighteenth century, with a preface by K. Struve.) Berlin. 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Beliman, Carl Michel—*Poesie*, &c. (Selection of songs translated from the Swedish, by A. von Winterfeld, with a biographical notice.) Berlin. 8vo. 6s.  
Marlehn, A.—*Maientheblumen*, &c. (May-flowers poems.) Leipzig. 16mo. 2s. 6d.  
Meissner, A.—*Ziska, &c.* (Poems, &c.) Leipzig. 16mo. 3s. 6d.  
Mühlbach, L.—*Königin Hortense*. 2 vols. Berlin. 8vo. 10s.  
Schallhammer, Biographie, &c. (Biography of J. Haspinger, the hero-priest of Tyrol.) Salzburg. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Smith, H.—*Historisch, &c.* (Historical tales and romances of ancient Sweden.) Berlin. 8vo. 3s.  
Weinhold, K.—*Altnordische Leben, &c.* (Life in the North in ancient times.) Berlin. 8vo. 6s.

### FRANCE.

*Histoire de ma Vie ("Story of My Life").* Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: V. Lecou. (Tomes XVII. XVIII. et XIX.)

(Continued from p. 128.)

We left Madame Dudevant in the full career of her strange experiment upon life in Paris, living *en gareon*, and attempting to support herself by the labour of her pen. In May 1832 her first novel, *Indiana*, appeared. It made a sensation; and all the journals were filled with the praises of Monsieur George Sand. The story of this pseudonym is well known. It was adopted to disguise the literary collaboration with M. Jules Sandeau, which opened Madame Dudevant's literary career. After she became celebrated and the collaboration ceased, she retained the name, and by that it will be more convenient to designate her for the future. She states that it was at M. Sandeau's express desire that the collaboration was put an end to: "her success wounded his modesty," and it was thought better that for the future each should stand alone. We very much question whether this is not the best plan in all cases; for we never yet heard of a collaboration in which the modicum of reputation was not very unfairly shared between the partners. As soon as George Sand became famous her pen was actively inquired for by the booksellers and editors. M. Buloz, who had purchased the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, lost no time in engaging the services of the literary *débutante*. *La Marquise, Lavinia*, and other tales made their first appearance in that excellent periodical. Then came *Lelia* and other works, all of which tended to carry her name still higher in the estimation of the publishers.

During her bachelor life, one of her chief occupations was to study the extraordinary phases of human life which appeared around her. Fraudulent mendicancy was one of the first points which attracted her notice. The number of beggars who went about with fictitious letters

and subscription lists was as numerous as it is at the present day. When proof of the statements made was demanded, many of these rogues would take flight; but those more cunning would hire a wretched room and a lot of starving children, got up with a view to effect, and so impose upon the credulously charitable.

One day I went to the apartments of an unfortunate poet, who was to have been suffocated with charcoal if he did not receive my answer by a certain hour. They burst open the door and found this suicide-eating sausages.

In spite however of these impostures, it was her womanly practice to bestow something of her slender means in charity, and this she contrived to do by giving way a portion, not of the superfluous, but of the apparently necessary. How few, even among charitable people, do this. At this point of her history she enters into a lengthy excursus upon the subject of alms-giving, from which we gather that, in her opinion, charity is a duty to mankind, although its efforts must ever be utterly insufficient to arrest the evils of poverty. "Suppose," argues she, "I had millions of louis in my power, they would only have brought me millions of beggars. Where should the line be drawn? The fortune of the Rothschilds divided among the indigent would relieve no one." What then is her explanation of the use of almsgiving? "It is not a remedy for poverty; it is not even a palliative; it is only a moral necessity which we are subject to, an emotion which is constantly present and is never satisfied."

It was somewhere about this time that an irrepressible desire to visit Italy took possession of her; and, as with one of her disposition to desire is to execute, she very speedily found herself on her road from Lyons to Avignon. On her way southwards, one of her companions was the eminent writer Beyle, better known by his other sobriquet of Stendhal. She describes him as a man of very brilliant wit, with a profoundly stored mind, the main defect in which was a tendency towards obscenity. This quality rendered his society distasteful to her feelings, and she declares that she did not regret when they parted company after a brief space.

The climate of Italy did not agree with her at first. It seldom does with persons of excitable temperaments, who require to be acclimated before they can support the acutely sensuous impressions and bright colours which everywhere surround them. When she entered Venice she was in a state of high fever.

Alfred de Musset suffered more severely than I did from the atmosphere of Venice, which generally has a very bad effect upon those who are strangers to the place. He became very ill, and a typhus-fever brought him to death's door.

George Sand watched by the side of the sick poet's couch, "only taking one hour's sleep out of the twenty-four." By-and-by, he recovered and quitted Venice; but she remained there, and set earnestly to work.

I took a very modest lodging in the interior of the town. There, in solitude during the entire afternoon, and only going out in the evening to take a little fresh air, working again at night to the songs of caged nightingales on the balconies of Venice, I wrote *André, Jacques, Mattea*, and the first *Lettres d'un Voyageur*.

All these tales were written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which Buloz was then the editor. They were written for the very prosaic reason that their author's purse was *au sec*, and must be replenished. Venice is not an expensive place to live in; but even there it is impossible to live upon nothing, and that was precisely what George Sand had within her purse when she had finished her tales. In vain she waited for remittances by the post; to her repeated inquiries at the office an unvarying answer was returned, "There is nothing for you." At last, one day, when she had no longer anything left, not even the smallest copper coin current in Italy, a fixed persuasion occupied her mind that she would be relieved in some unexpected manner; and sure enough, on entering a place of public resort, she met a friend of her family who advanced her the sum she required. Next day, on making very urgent inquiries at the post-office, a parcel of letters containing remittances from Buloz were found in some neglected corner, where, either from accident or design, they had been suffered to remain. The most extraordinary fact connected with this story is that a presentation also occupied the mind of the friend who relieved her before they met in the gardens of Venice.

He assured me that at the very moment he perceived me he was thinking of me and of Nohant and Berry, without being able to explain why those recollections should present themselves to him so distinctly in the midst of other occupations which had no connection with me or mine.

Set free from Venice, she now turned her steps towards the Alps, and, in order that she might travel alone with greater safety and convenience, she donned the male attire. A pair of cloth pantaloons, a cap, and a blue blouse—such was the attire assumed by the young authoress for her Alpine tour. The expedition was not very eventful, for she met with but two adventures on the road; the one was an accidental meeting with a former acquaintance, the other was an encounter with three English tourists. Our authoress never omits an opportunity for launching a joke at our stolid countrymen. In a former part of her work she refers sarcastically to those English visitors who, unable to converse with her in French, are obliged to confine their observations to "Ah!" and "Oh!" whilst at the same time she naïvely confesses that she herself has lost all the English she acquired at the Convent of the English Augustines. The Alpine adventure (if it be worthy the name) may be related in her own words.

At the passage of the Simplon three Englishmen climbed the steep path before me. The first saw me pass him without losing breath, and stopping short said, with an air of astonishment, "It is very hard work!" Upon Mont Blanc, the three same Englishmen descended the path as I mounted it. I immediately recognised the first, who saluted me with a familiar air; but the second contented himself with sighing and saying in a lugubrious tone, "It is very hard work!" It is evident that, if I had met the trio a third time, he who had not yet addressed me would have made precisely the same remark.

Perhaps he would; for how could our three countrymen suspect that the casquette and blouse of the dusty little *gamin* concealed the witty authoress and future satirist of themselves and their countrymen?

The Alpine tour at an end, she made the best of her way back again to France, her children, and Nohant. Maurice had grown, was making progress in his studies, and becoming more reconciled to his school existence. Solange, the girl, was growing up into a fine child. Her friends in Berry appear to have received the wanderer with open arms; with the single exception perhaps of M. Dudévant, to whom she makes but very scant reference, and who probably was far from being charmed at the notion of his wife scampering about Europe without his protection, and climbing the Alps in the disguise of a *gamin de Paris*. Absurd, prosaic man, to be unable to appreciate such a treasure!

The eighteenth volume of the *Memoirs* opens with a long and not uninteresting chapter, defending artist life in general, and the author's intimate friend, Madame Dorval, in particular. Madame Dorval is well remembered as an actress of very great talent, but also as a woman of whose moral character perhaps the less said the better—one of those persons, in fact, whose virtue (to use Corneille's phrase) "*n'est pas incompatible avec un peu de vice.*" Her friend and admirer, not content with deifying her as an actress, sets earnestly to work to defend her as a woman, it must be confessed with very indifferent success. The intimacy between these two extraordinary women came to pass in a very characteristic manner. George Sand saw Madame Dorval upon the stage, was delighted with her talent, and wrote her a letter begging to be permitted to know her. This was in the early literary days of the author of "*Indiana.*"

My letter struck her with its sincerity. The very day she received it, and whilst I was speaking of it to Jules Sandeau, the door of my garret was hastily opened, and a woman threw herself upon my neck with ardour, crying—"Here I am; it is I." Hitherto I had only seen her upon the stage; but her voice was so familiar to my ears that I knew her immediately. She was better than pretty—she was charming. Still, she was pretty, yet so charming that she had no need to be so. It was not a face—it was a physiognomy, a soul. She was still slender, and her figure was like a supple reed, which seemed always balanced by some mysterious breeze, perceptible to her alone. Jules Sandeau compared her that day to the feather which adorned her bonnet. "I am sure," said he, "that you might search the world over to find a feather as light and as soft as that. That unique and marvellous feather has flown to her by the law of affinities, or it has fallen upon her from the wing of some fairy flying over her head."

The intimacy thus commenced lasted until the

death of Mme. Dorval. By way of defending the reputation of her friend, the author treats us to an elaborate defence of artist-life:

The men of that class have more morality than the women, and the cause lies in the seductions which surround youth and beauty—seductions the consequences of which are agreeable only to the men, but are destructive to the women. But even when actresses are not in a regular position according to civil laws, I will even say when they give themselves up to their worst passions, they almost all act, as mothers, with unspeakable tenderness and the most heroic courage. The children of such women are, generally speaking, much happier than those of certain women of the world, who, unable or unwilling to confess their faults, conceal and separate themselves from the fruit of their amours; and when, by marriage, they become honest women, the least suspicion recoils severely upon the heads of those unhappy children. But with the actress, a fault confessed is a fault atoned for. The opinion of their fellows only condemns those who neglect or disown their offspring. Let the formal world blame as it will, these poor little ones will not complain of being received with greater toleration. In that class of life, the relatives, both old and young, and even lawful spouses subsequently obtained, adopt them without vain discussions and surround them with their cares and their caresses. Legitimate or not, they are all children of the family; and when their mother has talent, they are ennobled in a manner by her, and are treated in the little world like young princes.

Another long chapter, *apropos* of the painter Delacroix, gives the author an opportunity to develop her views upon art-criticism. In this interesting excursus she points out very graphically, and with great distinctness, the impossibility of gauging one art by another—of measuring by words, for instance, the creations of the painter or the sculptor—a truth which few art-critics are able to appreciate. In this chapter (itself an excursus) is another excursus upon the subject of animal magnetism and one of its professors, David Richard. Our author refuses to believe in the miraculous revelations of the clairvoyant, but declares that even her conviction must yield to the evidence of the senses.

The only curative magnetic fluid that I have experienced is that of Richard. Three or four times the headache and liver complaint have left me when I have been in his company for a few moments, and even when he has appeared in the same room with myself. This was no effect of the will or of the imagination. The imagination, say what they will, does not act in spite of itself in lucid minds.

But imagination has killed men, and has driven them mad. Our author, however, evidently believes in magnetism to a certain extent.

The next personage who appears upon the stage in this review of the author's personal acquaintance is the famous critic Saint-Beuve. She speaks of him as a man whose mind was filled with "abundant and precious resources."

The fault of this writer is an excess of qualities. He knows so much, he understands so well, he sees and divines so many things, his taste is so abundant, and he seizes his subject by so many sides at once, that language appears insufficient for him, and the frame is always too small for the picture.

It has been already intimated that upon her return from Italy, in 1834, the wife of M. Dudévant did not find herself in her place at her own fireside. "Neither my children," says she, "nor my house belonged to me, morally speaking. My husband and myself could not agree upon the management of these treasures." A mutual friend suggested that if she would be more of a wife to her husband, this state of things might be remedied; but it appeared that there were *sentimental* objections to this in the mind of the lady; and upon this text we are favoured with a physiologico-moral sermon upon the conjugal state, much more curious than decent. Suffice it to say that during the whole of 1835 she continued to lead the kind of life which had preceded her voyage to Italy; continually passing from Nohant to Paris, and alternating between the life *en garçon* and that of the respectable mother of a family. About the end of 1835, she had a chance interview in Paris with a young man of mysterious habits, and the opinion which she formed of him was thus expressed:—

He is charming. He has a very remarkable mind, and his conscience appears to be very tranquil. If he travels about the world, it will not be as a common adventurer, but as a political adventurer—a conspirator. He is devoted to the Bonaparte family. He still believes in that star. He believes in something in the world—and he is happy in so doing.

The young man in question was M. de Per-

signy, now the Ambassador in England of the Imperial nephew of Napoleon.

In Paris she became acquainted and associated with some of the leaders of the Montagne—the eloquent advocate Michel de Bourges (whom she designates under the pseudonym of *Everard*), Ledru-Rollin, and others of the same school. It seems, however, that while the eloquence of Michel de Bourges charmed his opinions frightened her. Revolutionary in all that regards the laws of her sex, she is too much of a woman to be revolutionary for mankind. Of all these persons with whom she came into contact, Madame Sand gives very long and glowing accounts. It is one of the peculiar features of these memoirs, intelligible enough perhaps when we consider that the author is a woman, and a Frenchwoman—that every person who is mentioned, even incidentally, is described in terms of the most exaggerated praise. To use a common phrase, the tendency of this lady is to convert all her geese into swans. All her male friends are filled with all the qualities that adorn mankind; all her female acquaintance are miracles of virtue and genius. Thus we find that Madame Dorval was a saint, Gustave Planche the most fearless of critics, Planet the most eminent of journalists, Raspail the greatest of surgeons. This tendency to exaggeration may, perhaps, be amiable; but it certainly disposes to look with suspicion upon the appreciative judgments proceeding from such a mind. Moreover, this constant praise of friends becomes annoying, and after reading page after page of minute analysis of their personal character, and long reports of their most intimate conversations, we are apt to wish for something more generally interesting—for more facts and less verbiage.

Occasionally, however, we stumble upon an interesting anecdote. Happening to be in Paris on the day when Fieschi discharged his infernal machine at Louis-Philippe, she was in great alarm about the safety of her little son Maurice, who had gone to see the King pass by upon the Boulevards. The window from which he was to behold the sight belonged to the apartments of the Countess of Montijo; and when the little fellow returned from the show he told his mother that he had been "discussing politics" with "a very charming little girl"—which charming little girl was no other than the present Empress of the French. Little Maurice was quite a politician. "Montpensier," said he (the young prince was at College with Madame Sand's son), "has invited me to his ball, in spite of my political opinions. We have had great fun. He made us all join him in spitting upon the heads of the National Guards." Who knows what influence that princely insult may have had in determining the conduct of the National Guards towards the House of Orleans in its hour of need?

The estrangement between Madame Sand and her husband was now complete; her visits to Nohant were entirely discontinued; and as she had voluntarily destroyed the contract which assured to her an allowance from her husband, she was entirely dependent upon her own resources. The journalist Planet appears to have become her constant companion; and she mentions him incidentally as being part of her household, with as much nonchalance as if he were her husband. Her relations with Michel de Bourges appear also to have been of the most intimate nature, and she speaks of him in terms of enthusiasm which the highest admiration for his eloquence would scarcely justify. On the 16th of February 1836 the dissensions between Madame Sand and her husband were brought to a temporary end by a judgment of separation by the tribunal to which she had applied. Incompatibility of temper was the pretext of separation; and thus it was that these two persons, utterly unsuited to each other by their tastes, their habits, and their predispositions, and who had for some time past been practically separated, so far as the affectionate relations of man and wife were concerned, became formally separated by a law which appears in its essence to reverse the declaration of the Church that those whom God has joined no man shall put asunder. With this law Madame Sand herself is dissatisfied, but it is for a singular reason: she complains that the same liberty of action is not granted to the wife which society so freely accords to the husband. The husband may be faithless, says she, and yet not forfeit the character of an honest man: why not, then, the wife? This is certainly putting the "Emancipation of Woman" question in a very strong light.

## (FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, May 30.

THE theatrical and literary event of the fortnight is the coming out of M. Ponsard's long-talked-of comedy, called *La Bourse*, a title as significant as a play entitled *The Stock Exchange* would be in London. Some expectation arose from this name that the piece was directed to the exposure and castigation of the proceedings at that grand *enfer*, which, as compared to the hells in the Palais Royal or Frascati's in former times, is as "Ossa to a wart;" but M. Ponsard is not the Aristophanes or the Juvenal to deal with an evil of this kind, and he touches upon it very mildly indeed, as you will perceive by the extract I give below. The subject, in brief, is this:—A young man of high character, but small patrimony, Léon Desroches, living in the country, becomes attached to the daughter of an old friend, and proposes for her. The old gentleman tells him that his daughter's fortune is 300,000 francs, that he should like his alliance very much, but that their fortunes are too unequal. Léon, who is sincerely attached to the girl, puts his whole means together, and places it in the hands of a friend, an *agent de change*, to try his fortune in speculation. The agent, who is really a friend, endeavours to dissuade him from the project, but at length undertakes the task, and succeeds. Léon is now master of a fortune equal to that of his intended wife; but his good luck turns the head of his future father-in-law and his whole family, and they persuade him to try the game again, all putting their money into his hands. He essays his fortune once more, and loses all, and has to bear the reproaches of Bernard and of all those who had in a manner forced him back into speculation, in addition to the loss of his mistress and his wealth. He is, however, offered a position by an old friend at the head of a great mining establishment, where his talents and character offer him a certain prospect of present competence and ultimate affluence. He accepts the post, and obtains the hand of his mistress, as an omen of success in his new occupation; and, all parties being the wiser for the lesson they have received, the curtain falls. There is very little interest in the plot; but it is throughout well written. The following is the extract above-mentioned—one of the most applauded passages in the piece. It is where his friend the *agent de change* warns him against the Bourse, which he thus describes:—

A la Bourse, insensé! Sais-tu ce que tu dis? Fuis ce râve avare et ces climats mauvais! La Bourse! Mais ce Sphinx vers qui tu te fourvoies Pour un Edipe heureux dévoré mille proies! Ah! nous voulons jouer! Eh bien! écoute-moi; N'en dis rien au public—garde cela pour toi. La Bourse, selon vous, ô gens de la campagne! Est un jeu comme un autre où l'on perd ou l'on gagne. Point; les joueurs y sont partagés en deux corps— Les faibles dans un camp, et dans l'autre les forts. Grâce aux gros bataillons qu'ils tirent de leur caisse, Ceux-ci font à leur choix sur la hauteur ou la baisse, Si bien que l'un des camps, étant maître des cours, Toujours gagne pendant que l'autre perd toujours. Au duel inégal joins l'œuvre des habiles— Les uns ont au d'abord les nouvelles utiles, Les autres, inventant et semant de faux bruits, De la frayeur publique ont recolté les fruits. D'autres, par les appas d'un dividende énorme, Poussent les actions d'une entreprise énorme, Puis les laissant, aux yeux d'acquéreurs stupéfaits, Retomber à zéro dès qu'ils s'en sont défaits. Certes, dans ces maisons par les Grecs fréquentées On n'emploie jamais cartes plus biseautées. Va-t-en!

M. le Baron de Bazancourt has just exemplified the truth of Pope's remark about the harm done by "candid friends." All the surreptitious pamphlets, songs, &c. which are directed against the present dynasty in France are powerless for harm when compared to the damage done the Government by the ill-timed panegyrics of the noble baron. The two volumes in question are dedicated by permission to the Emperor of the French—hence the inference that *Sa Majesté* is a party to the attacks upon Lord Raglan which are one of the most salient features in the book, and which have already called down so great an amount of reprobation from your daily contemporaries, that it is almost a matter of supererogation to return to the subject. Though a man of letters, the Baron is somewhat ferocious in his instincts; he speaks with delight of the *séances emouantes de la lutte*, but when he comes to describe them so dull and prosy is his style that he almost makes one ill-natured enough to regret that his head should not have met with a congenial bullet, and spared the public the infliction of reading this farago of official documents, enthusiastic flourishes, partiality, and dulness.

You have, doubtless, never heard that the first Napoleon, than whom no man was less poetically inclined, stands actually convicted of having yielded to the influence of the *aura poetica*. A Dr. Clement has just published in the *Frankfurter Conversations-Blatt* two short poems, ascribed by him, on the authority of a M. Casella, to the great Captain of the age. The verses are, however, mere dogrel. But there is no other proof of the illustrious origin assigned to them by this German curiosity-hunter.

During the past week *pallida mors* has gathered two notabilities of French literature, one of whom was well known in England; the other's reputation,

though not so widely spread, was great among philologists. He had found the secret of imparting to the arid science of etymology an interest which has won it many students, and his erudition was not less from his simple and perhaps jocular manner of etymological research. The first was M. Augustin Thierry, the author of the "Norman Conquest of England." For the last twenty years he had been a sufferer from total blindness and paralysis, yet he found means of prosecuting his studies, and to his last hour his brilliant faculties remained unimpaired.

One of those pieces of dirty immorality for which the Vaudeville has obtained a speciality was produced a few nights ago at that theatre, called *Le Chemin le plus long*, and it shows that the longest way to arrive at being the husband of a pure, innocent-minded girl is to begin by seducing her, abandoning her, and then obtaining her forgiveness. This trash is the *coup d'essai* of a very unpromising beginner, M. de Courcy.

The appeal to the public of France, and indeed to the world at large, lately put forth in Paris by a number of *littérateurs* exhibits a good feeling on the part of those who issued it, but a singular want of taste and judgment. The style of the address is mean; and one must be allowed also to say that these gentlemen do not occupy a place in the world of letters sufficiently exalted to entitle them to put themselves forward thus conspicuously in an appeal, which, to be useful to its object, should be, if not national, at least supported by names of sufficient eminence to show that the subject had been seriously taken up, and, above all, that M. de Lamartine himself was a willingly consenting party to the proposal, which is very much doubted by many of the writer's friends and admirers. The occasion taken to issue this appeal is a work now publishing by Lamartine in monthly numbers, intitled *Cours familier de Littérature*, in the form of conversations—a work which its own merits ought to support, even without the honoured name of De Lamartine, who, with full allowance made for all his weaknesses, deserves nobly of his country as a man of letters, and still more as a citizen. His courageous stand against the clamours of the infuriated populace at the Hotel de Ville, in the first days of the Republic of 1848, should never be forgotten; though many will also remember that it was his voice which decided for the Republic at the moment when the monarchy was in its expiring agonies on the 24th February, and when that voice would have established a regency under the Duchess of Orleans. Perhaps, however, a higher and wiser power had otherwise ordained, and, in putting an end to the semblance of constitutional government, secured the well-being and safety of France—whether to be permanent or transitory, time, the great truth-teller, will show. In the mean time, it is satisfactory to know that the accounts of the distress of Lamartine are to be received with considerable qualification. At a party given by the poet and essayist a few nights since, his apartments were as handsome, and as crowded with eminent characters, and the refreshments, &c., as abundant, as could be found in most houses in Paris—a state of things quite inconsistent with the reported necessities of his situation. It is stated on excellent authority that the most liberal offers of assistance were tendered to him in a manner so delicate as to avoid the least appearance of obligation—in fact, the purchase of all his works at a very large sum, but which would be ultimately realised by a certain mode of publication. This really princely offer Monsieur Lamartine felt it his duty to reject, but in a manner to show that he quite appreciated the generous delicacy which had dictated the offer.

The Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon, which were published above a quarter of a century ago, and were then, to a certain extent, amusing from their gossiping details and somewhat *scabreuse* revelations touching personages of high rank under the *ancien régime*, whose descendants, having returned from exile with the Bourbons, had become conspicuous at the court of Charles X., and thus gave something of piquancy to the scandalous stories of the old Duke. This was the chief value, such as it was, of the book at that time; but certain omissions were made, from obvious reasons, which it seems are now to be supplied. The present representative of the family having sold the right of publishing the Memoirs from the MS. in his hands, Messrs. Hachette and Co. announce no less than three editions of the work, respectively at 300 francs, at 80, and at 24. In opposition to this, Barba the bookseller, probably possessing an interest in the old publication, announces two new editions of that work, which has led to proceedings at law by M. de St. Simon. This suit is still undecided; but the explanations to which this dispute has given rise show a collection of the most singular errors of names, places, personages, &c., in the former edition, which completely change the character of many of the facts; for example, the Duchess de Berri is placed for the Duchess de Bourgogne, brothers do duty for fathers, and anecdotes and offences without number are attributed to the wrong persons. The text, however, is in itself so incorrect, that it will require uncommon care and knowledge of the court

of Louis XV. on the part of the editor to correct the misrepresentations of the original. With you, such a book from the hands of Mr. Croker would be a valuable addition to the history of the period referred to. We have no such active, vigilant, and scrutinising commentator in France.

Mme. Ristori, fatigued with constantly acting Medea, came out a few nights ago in comedy, and in Goldoni's piece *La Locandiera* perfectly delighted and surprised the town. The comedy is simplicity itself. The landlady of a prosperous hotel lays herself to render her house as agreeable as possible to all who frequent it. A misanthropic old bachelor alone resists her efforts to humanise him; upon him she therefore opens all her batteries; smiles, *petits soins*, half-confidences, in fine, all those charming arts which a pretty woman knows so well how to put in practice to subdue a refractory grumbler, are brought to bear upon him; and these set off by the arch graces and irresistible fascinations of La Ristori (she appearing to enjoy the humour of the joke quite as much as the audience), soon conquer the icy heart of the poor bachelor, whom she pleasantly laughs at, and rebuking his habitual ill-humour, introduces her husband in the person of one of the *garçons* of the hotel. This reads like nothing—and the comedy is, indeed, the veriest of trifles—but, set off by the gaiety, the humour, and the beauty of Ristori, it forms one of the pleasantest of Italian comedies: every act, almost every scene, was followed by calls for her reappearance, and her triumph was nearly as complete as in "Nina," the grandest of her tragic performances. She closes her representations here on Saturday (to-day), and will arrive in London, say the papers, on Monday night. How she may please on the banks of Thames I know not, but here she has almost literally turned the heads and won the hearts of all this play-loving population. Her benefit takes place on Saturday: the prices are doubled, and not a place is to be had.

## GERMANY.

*Porphyrii de Philosophia ex Oraculis haurienda librorum reliquiae.* Edidit GUSTAV WOLFF. Berlin. 1856. 8vo.

This is one of those numerous publications, constantly appearing in Germany, that are devoted into an inquiry into some isolated point of philosophy, ethics, jurisprudence, customs, rites or ceremonies, to which allusions more or less plentiful and precise are to be found in the records of the past, whether profane or sacred, or belonging to that period when Christianity was rising upon the ruins of Paganism, after a hard-fought battle, that began with a mild endeavour on the part of the professors of each creed to show that the two were not so much antagonists, as the different members rather of the same family; and to which might be applied the slightly altered language of Ovid:

facies non una duabus  
Nec diversa tamen, quam docet esse sororum.  
Nor different; but what sisters ought to share.

The work itself seems to be a companion to another by the same writer—*De Novissima Oraculorum Estate*—published at Berlin in 1854, but of which we have never seen a copy; and is got up in a manner far more creditable to his attainments as a scholar, than is the one with which he made, in 1843, his first appearance in the literary world, under the title of *De Sophoclis Laurentianorum varis lectionibus*, and which was evidently written at the suggestion and almost under the eye of the late Godfrey Hermann, with the view, it would seem, of showing by his mouth-piece, in the person of a young scholar fresh from his lecture-room, how Wunder, who had at that time rejected not a few of Hermann's notions, which he subsequently received, and in language too not over-courteous, but which was afterwards softened down, had formed an incorrect estimate of the value of these very scholia, to which Wunder had appealed as the sole preservers of, or guides to, the genuine but lost words of the dramatist. For in this case, as in those of other, if not very clever, at least enthusiastic and precocious pupils, Hermann possessed the singular power of inducing them to rush into print, and had the cruelty afterwards to laugh at them, for losing themselves in the very wilderness which he had pointed out as likely to afford full scope for the development of their talents, in the search—not after truth, for that he cared nothing about—but of something strange and startling, and, what those things often turn out to be, worthless.

As the title-page merely of the volume could scarcely convey any notion of its contents, we

give below\* the list of the heads under which the author has arranged the subjects on which he has treated; and after producing three facts of a literary kind, we shall mention one point, in which, we think, he might have said more than he has actually done.

The first fact relates to the mass of writers who have appeared during the last thirty years on the Continent and paid no little attention to the productions of the Neo-Platonic school, to which Porphyry belonged. Amongst such modern writers is Parisot, professor at Rennes, who, says Wolff, has found out some particulars relating to the parentage, death, and fortunes of Porphyry which are merely the coinage of the professor's own brain. The second is that one Gildersleeve, a young American scholar, published in 1853, at Gottingen, a dissertation—*De Porphyrii studiis Homericis*—which we are the more disposed to notice, as he is, we believe, the first native of the New World who has been a noun substantive, which, as the grammar says, is a thing that can stand by itself, in scholarship; for all the others in the same quarter of the globe whose works we have seen,

\* Cap. I. Vita Porphyrii. II. Quædam de librorum Porphyrii tempore. III. De librorum *τις τὸν ιστορίαν φύσεων*; ratione et distributione. IV. Qui scriptores veteres deorum oracula colerent. V. Oracula non hexametris, sed et alia metris edita. VI. Quæ oracula incubantibus et evocantibus data vinctam orationem præbeant. VII. De Porphyrii oraculorum fide. VIII. De codicibus. IX. Regularium libri. 1, 2, 3. Additamenta, 1, de volucrum sacrificiis apud Græcos et Romanos; 2, de ruta, turis, lauri, lacertarum usq; magico; 3, de statuarum consecratione; 4, de dæmonibus apud philosophos Græcos, imprimis Platonem et Porphyrium; 5. Oraculorum appendix.

are merely the translators of what is to be found in German. The third fact relates to the practice—which Wolff tells us is now becoming prevalent in Germany, but which we are happy to find he has had the moral courage to disregard—of editing ancient authors, as Immanuel Bekker was the first to do, in a naked form, except with the various readings furnished by MSS., as if such authors did not require some notes from the better-informed, to serve as guideposts to the less-informed, and to point out where passages are positively corrupt or justly suspected to be so; and, as if either Bekker himself or those who have adopted his system were not frequently as much in the dark as the veriest tyro in literature, and frequently even more so; for thousands of passages might be quoted where a superior scholar will find difficulty that an inferior one would pass over unperceived.

With regard to the point where, we think, something might have been said, that has been omitted. It has reference to the chapter where dreams are spoken of as being invested with a prophetic character. Of this fiction the earliest record is to be found in Homer; whom *Æschylus* has followed in in the Persæ, Prometheus and Choëphori, where future events are shadowed out to the imagination of Atossa, Io, and Clytemnestra; and in the case of the latter personage in the Electra of Sophocles likewise, where the fears of the adulteress are doubly excited by the repetition of the same ominous vision. So, too, in the Hecuba and Iphigenia in Tauris, Euripides has had recourse to similar fictions, which even Plato has not hesitated to adopt in the Phœnix, p. 60 E., and, what Wolff has not omitted, in

Criton, p. 44 A. So, too, in after times, a deity is said to have appeared in a dream to Virgil, Horace, Tibullus and Ovid; and, what deserves particular notice, a similar fiction in the case of *Æschylus* has been received almost as an historical fact by Pausanias, whose readiness to relate all kinds of marvellous stories is only the counterpart of what he found in Herodotus, whose very language he is perpetually adopting or imitating.

## AMERICA.

*Literary Criticisms and other Papers.* By the late H. B. WALLACE, Esq., of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Parry and M'Millan. London: Tribner. 1856.

ALTHOUGH this is nothing more than a collection of fugitive papers reprinted from the pages of the various journals, &c., in which they originally appeared, it is not without interest as a record of one of those self-sacrificing and intelligent men who abandon all thoughts of individual ambition, and shed the riches of their intellect over the arid deserts of the periodical press. Mr. Wallace, who died at the early age of thirty-five, was a young man of very great acquirements. In the preface to the third volume of the last edition of his "Positive Philosophy," Auguste Comte speaks of his loss with sorrow, and testifies of him that, "exempt from all affectation, his speculative culture, as much aesthetic as scientific, fully corresponded with his splendid organisation." The criticisms selected for this volume bear chiefly upon matters connected with America, American literature, and American literary men: it is, therefore, of some value as a work of reference.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

#### THE FORTNIGHT.

PROFESSOR OWEN, at the Royal Institution, in reference to the aboriginal cattle of Great Britain, argued, from the analogy of the colonists of the present day, that the Romans would import their own tamed cattle to their colonial settlements in Britain. The domesticated cattle of the Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians, bore the greatest affinity to the Brahmin variety of cattle in India. As the domesticated cattle imported by the Spaniards into South America have, in many localities, reverted to a wild state, so the speaker believed that the half-wild races of white cattle in Chillingham Park and a few other preserves in Britain were descended from introduced domesticated cattle. The size of the dewlap, and an occasional rudiment of the hump, in these white cattle, as well as the approximation to a light grey colour, characteristic of the Brahmin race, seemed to point to their primitive oriental source, but the pure white colour could not be regarded as natural to a primitive white stock. If the blood of any of the aboriginal cattle contemporary with the mammoth and hairy rhinoceros still flowed in the veins of any of our domesticated races, it would be that of the *Bos longifrons*, transmitted through the short-horns or hornless varieties of the mountains of Wales and Scotland.

The President of the Geological Society stated that the directors of the New River Company, in answer to a memorial, expressed their regret that they did not feel it to be their duty to the proprietors of the company to proceed further at present with the Artesian boring at Kentish Town. In a paper on the mode of production of Volcanic Craters, and on the nature of the Liquidity of Lava, Mr. Poulett Scrope (in opposition to the theory of Von Buch, that volcanic mountains are the result of the elevation of nearly horizontal beds of lava and conglomerates by some sudden expansion) contends that all volcanic cones and craters are formed by the simple process observed in habitually active volcanoes, namely the eruptive ejection of lavas and fragmentary matter from a volcanic vent, the accumulation of which around it cannot fail to give rise to the cone-shaped mountain so characteristic of a volcano, and to the crater usually contained in it; and that the growth of a volcano by accretion, through eruptive ejections on the exterior and partial distension from within, is a gradual though intermittent normal process, which may be watched almost like the growth of a tree. The authentic accounts of enormous quantities of ejected pumice scoriae or ashes thrown out by many Polynesian or American volcanoes, reaching to distances above a thousand miles, and of course spreading over the whole intermediate space to a thickness sometimes of 10 or 12 feet at more than 25 miles from the volcano, would amply account for the dispersion by explosive eruptions of the contents of the largest craters ever observed. With regard to the

nature of the liquidity of lava, Mr. Scrope maintains that the liquidity of the stony and crystalline lavas (excluding the vitreous varieties) at the time of their protrusion is owing, not to complete fusion, but to the entanglement between their component granular or crystalline particles with some fluid, chiefly water, at an intense heat, of course, but unvapourised by reason of the extreme pressure to which they are subjected while beneath the earth, and escaping in vast bubbles of steam, when by the opening of a fissure of escape its discharge is permitted, and also by a kind of exudation through the pores and crevices of the expelled lavas as they cool. This view was at first considered unchemical, but had received confirmation by recent researches into the power of water of taking silex into solution under pressure at high temperatures.—Mr. Binney, in reference to some supposed footmarks in the millstone grit of Tentwhistle, Cheshire, stated that in a quarry about 1000 feet down in the formation of the millstone grit, and very near the underlying limestone shale, a series of five large impressions, lying in a straight line and nearly on the rise and dip of the strata, were met with. Two of them, the longest, measure each 13 inches in length at their bottom and 17 inches above, the breadth being respectively 4 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches at the bottom, and 8 or 9 inches above—the distance between the impressions being always the same, 2 feet  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. He thought that they were made by the same kind of animal as that which gave rise to the footmarks on the Permian sandstone of Corockle Muir. The Tentwhistle tracks are however referable to a much larger animal, and Mr. Binney proposed to call it *Chelichnus ingens*.—About Wrexham, six miles north of Thetford, Norfolk, are several mere without outlet; one of these, about 48 acres in extent, was lately drained by machinery to obtain the black peaty bottom mud as a manure. The mud was found in parts 20 feet deep, and in a more complete state of decomposition than ordinary peat; at a depth of 15 feet a bed of compressed, but undecayed, moss of considerable extent, from 2 to 6 inches thick, was found in sufficient preservation to be recognised as *Hypnum revolutum*. Horns of red deer were found in the peat, and antlers of large size. The black mud rested on a light grey sandy marl. No shells were observed; but trunks of trees, local seams of sand occur, and occasional stones of flint and quartz, and numerous posts of oakwood standing erect. From these facts it would appear that, as the upper peaty mud had accumulated before the red deer became extinct in that part of England, the moss bed must have been formed some centuries ago.—A communication, forwarded to the Geological Society from the Foreign Office, announces that coal exists near the city of E-n, in China. The coal is worked by shafts and galleries in the hills near E-n, a third-class city. The pits are from 300 to 500 feet deep, and the coal is bright and not bituminous.

At the Chemical Society, Dr. Odling made a com-

munication upon the distribution and generic character of the bitasic organic acids; Professor Abel pointed out some circumstances of interest connected with the recent explosions at Woolwich arsenal; and Mr. Witt described some experiments showing the power of filtering media to remove the dissolved constituents of river water.

The subject of steam communication with the Australian colonies and the Cape of Good Hope was brought before the Royal Geographical Society by Capt. Lord Stokes, R.N. The imperative necessity of steam postal communication with the southern colonies was strongly urged. The New South Wales Legislature was in favour of the overland route, by way of Singapore and Torres Strait. Beyond Prince of Wales's Channel the passage was entirely free from hidden dangers, and there would be no difficulty or expense in making a coal dépôt at Torres Straits. An important trade was growing up between Australia and India, which this line would promote, as well as increase British commerce in the Eastern Archipelago. This route presented peculiar features; at the terminus at Sidney there was a spacious harbour; coal fields were near; and it was near New Zealand and Polynesia. Another route might be adopted, from Aden, via Mauritius, King George's Sound, and Adelaide, to Melbourne. Another branch from the Great Indian Trunk line may be extended from Aden to the Cape of Good Hope, touching at Mauritius and Bourbon, and proceeding along the African coast to the ports of Zanzibar, Mozambique, Madagascar, Natal, Algoabay, and the Cape. This route would be most practicable if the Cape was united to England by the electric wire. It was already proposed to extend the Indian wires to Java and Sumatra; the further extension to Australia by Torres Straits was obvious. In opposition to this route by steam, Mr. Laming, of the general Screw Steam Shipping Company, states that the shortest and most eligible route is by the Cape, and that this voyage from England to Australia may be made in fifty-eight days, by substituting a larger spread of canvas, and limiting the fuel in each ship to the quantity that would take her from port to port without stoppage. This is essentially the cheapest route; no transfer of passengers or property would be required, no expenses are incurred by touching at the ports. There are no coral reefs to be threaded through, no hurricane districts to be traversed. At the anniversary meeting the founders' gold medal was awarded to Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., of the United States of America, for his services and discoveries in the Polar regions during the American expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, and for his memoir and charts, constructed on his own astronomical observations. The patrons' gold medal was awarded to Heinrich Barth, of Hamburg, for his successful and extensive explorations in central Africa, and his journey to Timbuctoo. In connection with the central African expedition, a testimonial was presented to Corporal Church for his services.

The subject of pure water supply, one of great interest to all, was introduced at the Society of Arts in a paper by Dr. Clark, of Marischal College, Aberdeen, "On means available to the Metropolis and other places, for the supply of water free from hardness, and from organic impurity." Pure water, that is, water apart from all other matter, is hardly to be found in nature. Rain-water is only one approximate to pure water, distilled water is but another; melted bright ice is perhaps a nearer approximate; but if the operation of distillation, or of freezing water and then melting the ice were repeated, water pure for all practical purposes would be obtained. If an insoluble solid as a stone, is put into water, it would merely sink to the bottom; if this stone is bruised to a powder it would still sink to the bottom, but now more slowly: the temporary suspension and final subsidence are alike mechanical operations; as it is by mechanical means that the insoluble solid is for a time suspended in the liquid, so it is by mechanical means that they are separable. Subsidence is one of these means, filtration is another; but as many rocks, when ground into fine powder and much soaked in water, acquire an adhesive consistency, this solid matter readily diffuses in water, and cannot be satisfactorily separated either by subsidence or filtration. Again, if a soluble solid, as a little salt or a little sugar, is dropped into water, a very different result is obtained—it is no longer a mechanical mixture, but a chemical solution. The solid in this case will not sink to the bottom on repose nor be separable by filtration. Now, in spring water solid matter is seldom in a state of mixture, but of solution. In explaining the cause of that quality of water called hardness, the great bulk of solid matter held in solution in ordinary waters consists of salts, that is, a combination of acids with various bases. The acids are chiefly—carbonic acid, producing carbonates; sulphuric acid, producing sulphates; nitric acid, producing nitrates; and hydrochloric acid, producing chlorides. The saline bases are chiefly soda, potash less frequently, ammonia in small quantities and rarely, lime, magnesia. The acids and bases combined form neutral salts: in this state, the hardness of water is not affected by one acid more than another, but the bases lime and magnesia are the principal causes of hardness, lime the chief; when the two occur together this base is the great curdler of soap. In most waters round the metropolis chalk is the chief cause of hardness. Now, this chalk may be removed by a very simple process invented by Dr. Clark fifteen years ago, and now in operation in waterworks near Woolwich. To explain the invention, which is a chemical one, for expelling chalk by itself: chalk consists, for every pound, of lime 9 oz., carbonic acid 7 oz. The 9 oz. of lime may be obtained apart by burning, as in a kiln. During the operation the 7 oz. of carbonic acid are driven off, and the burnt lime is readily soluble, being then called lime water. Now chalk is sparingly soluble in water, 6000 gallons being necessary to dissolve 1 lb.; but by adding 7 oz. of carbonic acid (that is, as much more as the chalk contains), it is readily soluble, and then is called bicarbonate of lime. Thus, chalk is soluble by being deprived of carbonic acid or by a double dose of carbonic acid. Now, if the lime-water and the bicarbonate of lime are mixed together, they will so act upon each other as to restore the 2 lbs of chalk by subsidence, leaving a bright water above, which will be free from bicarbonate of lime, from burnt lime, and from chalk, except a very little, which may be left out of account for the sake of simplicity of explanation. Taking now the lime-water, freely saturated, it must be put into the vessel first as the softening ingredient; there will be always an excess of lime more than is necessary for the precipitation of the chalk, which, however, is more easy to precipitate where there is lime-water in excess; and the carbonate of lime or chalk thus precipitated forms, not into a powder, but into crystals distinct enough to be seen in sunshine. In order to know when there is enough of water to take up the last of the excess of lime, so as to be enough and no more, the test is a solution of nitrate of silver in twice-distilled water. In ordinary water, the silver test produces a white precipitate; in a great excess of lime-water, the test produces a light reddish brown precipitate; but, if the excess be slight, there will be only a feeble yellow precipitate. Repose will finish the process; over the subsided chalk there will be a clear soft water, fit for immediate use; this softened water has no action on leaden pipes or cisterns.

The visitors to the machinery department of the Crystal Palace will see a machine called a Patent Sugar-cane Mill, invented by M. de Mornay. The mill consists of four iron rollers, two large and two small. The small rollers are not, however, seen—they are beneath; the large rollers are above them, and placed at a peculiar angle with respect to them, so that when the sugar-canies are presented at the feeding-trough they pass first between the uppermost large roller and a small one, they are then presented to the second small roller, and then thrust upwards between the two large rollers; here the juice is so thoroughly expressed that the cane looks like mere dry pith. By the ordinary mills about 55 per cent. was obtained from the canes; by this mill about 15 per cent. more is gained, making in all 70 per cent.

or an addition to the produce of an estate of full 27 per cent.

A flute made of gold may be seen at Messrs. Rudall, Rose, and Carte, No. 100, New Bond-street. The gold was brought from Australia, the alloy being of native Australian copper, and manufactured, as stated on the instrument, for the fortunate finder of the precious metal. The quality of gold is 18½ carats, and the weight of the flute 14½ oz., the value being estimated at about 130 guineas. The instrument, of which the workmanship is exquisite, is constructed on the principle of Carte's improvement on Boehm; it may be made to produce a fine, full, and rich quality of tone, not belonging to the metal, but the result of the principle of construction.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

LORD OVERSTONE has asked to be allowed to put down his name for 1000L towards the guarantee fund for the Exhibition of the Art Treasures of the United Kingdom at Manchester, next year.—A Photographic Society has been established in Edinburgh, with the name of the Photographic Society of Scotland. Sir David Brewster is president.—By the current number of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, it appears that Mr. Thompson, of Weymouth, has been successful in producing a photograph of the bottom of the sea in Weymouth Bay, by sinking a camera enclosed in a plate-glass box.—Government has commissioned statues of Burke and Curran for St. Stephen's Hall. The price of the new figures is 1000L each. Mr. Thedé is entrusted with the statue of Burke, Mr. Carew with that of Curran.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### ON THE STATE OF MUSICAL SCIENCE IN ENGLAND.

THOSE who have never lived in England usually deny that there is in that country any taste for or knowledge of Music. Never was there a greater mistake. Without excepting either Germany, or France, or Italy, there is no country where classic compositions are more eagerly sought for, listened to, and appreciated, than in England; there is no country where one may hear better music, or where it is executed on a more magnificent scale.

England, it is true, has not produced single great composer. Purcell, who lived about the end of the seventeenth century, was, with all his high merit and his boldness, only a man of the second rank. We may say the same of Dr. Arne, who was a true composer; for, although little known out of England, and scarcely appreciated even in his own country, he had one great quality of genius, namely, an individuality of style. Handel was a German; he arrived in London ready-made, as it were; and his style remained, after fifty years' sojourn, precisely what it was when he arrived. England has never created a school, or a style peculiar to itself. The *Glees* of the sixteenth century will always charm, just as the Irish melodies do; but they are mere fragments of the simplest kind, and have nothing in them tending to high eminence. The English know this; and they prove their good taste by never playing their own music, and by only playing the best music of other countries.

Another fact, little known on the Continent, is that the cultivation of music is of very ancient date in this country. It is not even known when the Doctorship of Music was instituted, a degree still conferred in the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; but we find mention made of a man named Hambois who bore that title in 1470 (*Bushy's Dictionary of Music*). Henry VIII. composed glees, which deserved to survive him. In the reign of Elizabeth it was part of a gentleman's education to be able to read at sight the music of any song which might be presented to him. Among the subscribers to some of Handel's operas, which were published by subscription, may be found "The Apollo Society at Windsor;" "The Musical Society at Oxford;" "The Ladies' Society at Lincoln;" "The Salisbury Society of Music;" "The Musical Society at Exeter;" and at London, "The Philharmonic Club;" "The Philharmonic Society;" "The Monday Night Musical Society;" "The Wednesday Musical Society;" "The Society of Music," at the Castle, in Paternoster-row; "The Crown and Anchor Musical Society," &c. Mr. Horatio Townsend, in his very interesting little book, "Handel's Visit to Dublin," enumerates the following Societies as existing in Dublin in 1741, the year in which Handel went there: "The Charitable Musical Society" in Fishamble-street, for the benefit and freedom of poor distressed prisoners for debt, in the City of Dublin; "The Charitable and Musical Society" in Vicars-street, for enlarging the fund for the reception of sick and wounded poor into Dr. Stevens's Hospital; "The Charitable Musical Society" on College Green; "The Charitable Musical Society" in Crown-street; "The Musical Society" in Warburgh-street; "The Academy of Music," and "The Philharmonic Society." The name of this last seems to indicate that it occupied

itself more particularly with instrumental music. The Dublin journals of the same period make mention of similar societies at Cork, at Drogheda, and other places. Their names prove at the same time their noble purpose; for nearly all were destined to succour some particular misfortune.

A passage in the history of Handel bears witness to the vast means for musical execution which England possessed in 1737. "It was (says Hawkins in his *History of Music*) on a Wednesday that Handel received orders from the King to compose the funeral anthem for Queen Caroline, the words having been previously selected. On the Saturday evening after it was rehearsed in the morning, and on the evening of the same day it was performed at the solemnity, in the chapel of Henry the Seventh." This sublime composition, which does not occupy less than eighty pages of print, and which contains nine great choruses, was written in five days! And (what is not less extraordinary) in the same space of time it was copied, distributed, rehearsed, and executed.

The England of to-day has not degenerated from this brilliant past. We can number more musical societies than we know of elsewhere. There are "The London Sacred Harmonic Society;" "The Sacred Harmonic Society;" "The Hullah Society;" "The St. Cecilia Society," whose existence dates since 1785; "The Orchestral Union;" "The Madrigal Society;" "The Bach Society," whose object is to reproduce and popularise the works of the great man whose name it has assumed. All these societies, with orchestras of from 200 to 800 members, meet every year from twelve to twenty times, and find a public willing to support them. Their choruses are composed of amateurs and professional singers. The "Philharmonic Society" of London, founded in 1813, served as a model for that celebrated French society of the *Concerts du Conservatoire*, which only dates from 1827. It was that society which purchased the *Choral Symphony* of Beethoven.† Many of Haydn's delicious symphonies were composed in London, in 1790; and Haydn often observed that "it was England that had made him celebrated in Germany" (*Dictionary of Musicians*). The "New Philharmonic Society," organised only three years ago, gives twelve concerts yearly. "The Quartett Society," and "The Musical Union," instituted by Mr. Ella, and which devote themselves religiously to the instrumental chamber music of Bocherini, Haydn, Pleyel, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Onslow, &c., can produce their existence for so many years in proof that there is no lack of amateurs. All this is exclusive of the Opera Houses, and of the two or three special concerts which occur every day during those three months which are called "the season." That this is no exaggeration, may be proved by the advertisements of a single day of "the season." The list is really curious; for, so far from having collected it with difficulty, it has been taken bodily from the *Times* of Monday, the 14th of May, 1855:—

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter-hall.

—On the 25th of May will be repeated "Haydn's Creation." The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter-hall, will consist of nearly 700 performers.

**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter-hall.**—May the 21st, Haydn's *Oratorio, "Creation,"* preceded by the Royal Birthday Cantata, with band and chorus of nearly 800 performers.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—To-morrow, May 15, at Willis's Rooms, Quintet in A, Mendelssohn; Trio in E minor, pianoforte, &c., Spohr; Quartet No. 2 in G, Beethoven; &c.

**ST. MARTIN'S-HALL.**—Mozart's *Requiem*, Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy*, etc., will be performed under the direction of Mr. John Hullah on Wednesday evening, May 15.

**HARMONIC UNION, Hanover-square Rooms.**—May 30, Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

**THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.**—The Annual Series of Morning Concerts will take place at Willis's Rooms on 28th May, and 4th and 11th June.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The Fifth Concert will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms this evening, the 14th instant. Programme:—Sinfonia in E flat, Mozart; Concerto pianoforte in E minor, Chopin; Sinfonia Pastorale, Beethoven; Overture, Preciosa, Weber.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter-hall.**

—On May 23, Symphony in B flat, Beethoven; &c.

**MR. WILLY'S QUARTETT CONCERTS.**—The Third and last Concert will take place, at St. Martin's-hall, on May 18.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN** will give her TWO ANNUAL MATINEES of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the Beethoven Rooms: the first on May 19.

**MR. H. COOPER'S SECOND SOIREE** of VIOLIN will take place at 27, Queen Anne-street, on May 16.

**MADAME CLARA NOVELLO** will SING in IMMANUEL, on May 30, at St. Martin's Hall.

**MADAME PUZZI'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place on May 21, at Willis's Rooms.

**MISS DOLBY and MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT** will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on June 13.

\* Founded in 1832 by Mr. Surman, an excellent musician, for the pure, integral, and complete production of Handel's oratorios, which were then only sung in fragments. Mr. Surman remained at the head of the orchestra until 1847; but, in consequence of certain differences of opinion, he founded a new society, called "The London Sacred Society."

+ This immortal work was purchased for one hundred guineas.

CHARLES SALAMAN'S MUSICAL LECTURE and ENTERTAINMENT, illustrated by his own performances on the Virginian and Harpichord, &c., to-morrow, at the Marylebone Institution, Edwards-street.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on June 15, at the Royal Italian Opera.

SIGNOR MARRAS'S ANNUAL GRANDE MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on May 30.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI'S ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on May 16.

SAPPHO GLEE CLUB.—Southwark Literary Institution, Borough-road.—This Evening, a Concert will be given by the members of the above society, comprising glees, madrigals, &c.

Surely it will be admitted that the country in which so much music is to be found must be musical.

The societies which we have made mention of above occupy themselves with the highest and most difficult class of works. In 1854, the "Bach Society" (with an excellent musician, Mr. Sterndale Bennett for leader) executed twice the *Passion* of the great fugueist of Leipsic, and the "Sacred Harmonic Society" played twice, and with admirable development, about the commencement of last year, Beethoven's colossal Mass in D. The "New Philharmonic Society" has produced Cherubini's Mass in C. Where but in England can you hear these exalted productions? Where but in England can you depend sufficiently upon the public to risk the outlay of producing them? And what proves still more the elevated taste of the English is, that these works belong to the sacred music of the Romish Church, of that Catholic religion which they hold in such detestation; in deference to which feeling Cherubini's Mass is called a "Grand Choral Work," and Beethoven's is advertised as "Beethoven's Service."

The only reproach that can be justly addressed to these societies is that they have shut themselves within a circle somewhat too restricted. When Mr. Benedict directed the "Harmonic Union" he played the *Alexander's Feast* with Mozart's accompaniment, which he had brought from Berlin, where they still remain unpublished. That work has never been repeated. During four years the Dettingen *Te Deum*, two of the Coronation Anthems, and *Deborah*, have only been produced once, and that by the "Sacred Harmonic Society," under Mr. Costa. It is to be regretted that societies so useful should be continually repeating the same works, as if they were afraid to summon their audiences to untried entertainments. The committee of the "London Sacred Harmonic Society" has not failed to perceive the ill effects of this; for in its report for 1854 it announced that it intended to revive all such of Handel's compositions as were forgotten; but up to the present day nothing has been done, and it is to be feared that the efforts made in that direction have been received with indifference. We well know that the majority is ruled by custom; it feels a certain distrust for novelties which are not of the present day, precisely because the music with which we are familiar is the most impressive and always appears to us to be the finest. Moreover, there are certain persons who have a natural preference for M. Jullien's quadrilles, loud as a park of artillery, or for polkas by—we know not whom; but it is the duty of orchestral conductors to form the education of the public, to perfect its taste, to lead it to a thorough comprehension of the beautiful—in fine, to enlarge the limits of its legitimate admiration. If the harmonic societies included within their repertoire the neglected compositions of Handel, those of the public who suffer themselves to be led like sheep would not come at first; but when they saw that good judges were attracted, they would follow their example, and when they came they would listen; and when beauties fully equal to those of the five or six oratorios in vogue began to appear, those who only admire established reputations would follow the elect. Many people have been persuaded into the belief that the Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is as fine and even finer than the *Messiah* and the *Israel*. We have no special grudge against the *Elijah*; but, now that its noisy merits are thoroughly established, what harm would there be in laying it by occasionally, while they drew from oblivion such works as the *Saul* and the *Joshua* (which all musicians regard as marvels of greatness), if only to become acquainted with those splendid anthems, which have excited so much admiration whenever they have been heard? And why do not the Philharmonic Societies, among their detached and generally well-chosen morsels, execute some of the Chamber duos and cantatas of Handel? By thus extending the domain of the master of masters, they would add constantly to his glory and increase the pleasure of the public. Even if sacrifices were necessary to attain that end, would it not be worth them? The "Sacred Harmonic Society" stated in its report for 1853 that it had in hand 4000. Did not that put it within the power of that society to incur some risk in restoring forgotten music? Might it not with justice have paid to Handel a little of what it owes him?

To return to the object of this article, we may go so far as to say that the English have a passion for

music; and this is all the more striking because, in spite of the facility with which they become infatuated, they are, after their American descendants, the people of all others who have the least enthusiasm. Long before even the continental war between the Gluckists and the Piccinists, in 1727, there was in this country a similar dispute about two singers, Signora Cuzzoni and Signora Faustina. The whole town was divided into two hostile camps. At the theatre it was only necessary for one faction to applaud, when immediately the other began to hiss. The quarrel ran so high, that in this king-loving country the presence of royalty itself did not calm the fury of the disputants. A gentleman met Haydn in the middle of the street, stopped him, stood opposite to him for some time, examined him, and said, "You are a great man!" having said which, he passed on: (*Life of Haydn*, by Stendhal.) This is not a French enthusiasm, but it is enthusiasm nevertheless; and music has occasionally inspired the Englishman to manifestations of enthusiasm quite French or Italian. A beautiful lady, carried beyond herself by a cavatina by Farinelli, rose up and cried out "There is but one God and one Farinelli!" (*Hawkins*, p. 877 of the new edition.)

Yes, we repeat, not only is England a more musical country than is generally supposed in France, but it is a country in which music has been cultivated to a very high pitch for some time past. As far back as 1738 there was a Society for the Aid of Indigent Musicians—"The Fund for decayed Musicians," now called "The Royal Society of Musicians." This excellent institution, which has ever been beneath the direct patronage of the chiefs of the State, has always been kept up by a sufficient number of annual subscriptions and donations.

Great Britain is due the idea of those great musical reunions called Festivals. At London, in 1784, was assembled, *for the first time in the world*, an orchestra of 526 artists, singers and instrumentalists. They executed, in commemoration of the anniversary of Handel's death, a selection of his works both sacred and profane. The King attended in great state, and wore the insignia of a steward. There were five performances in three days, and the receipts, which were devoted to charitable purposes, amounted to the enormous sum of 12,736. The poor gained so much by the experiment that it was renewed for the eleven following years, and the orchestra was continually enlarged. That of 1785 had 616 artists; that of 1786 had 741; that of 1787 had 828; and that of 1791 had 1068.

In the present century, when the spirit of association communicates to everything colossal proportions, it was reserved for England alone to surpass herself. That which took place at the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham will doubtless be recorded in the history of the art. Upon that occasion Great Britain not only showed that she could create the most magnificent utilitarian institution of the nineteenth century, but also that she could arrange a musical spectacle upon unparalleled proportions. Three hundred and eighty-seven instrumentalists and twelve hundred and forty-eight choral singers executed remarkably well, after a single rehearsal, "God Save the Queen," the Hundredth Psalm, and the Hallelujah Chorus of *The Messiah*. Although almost everybody in England knows those three pieces by heart, it is none the less extraordinary that such a mass as sixteen hundred and thirty-five performers could be brought to execute them well together.

But it is not in London only that music is thus cultivated. Every year there are in the provinces two or three festivals, for each of which the locality in which it takes place pays not less than three or four thousand pounds sterling. There is not one town of any importance in the kingdom that has not a building more or less specially destined for these feasts of art. The Music Hall at Manchester is one of the finest modern edifices in the three kingdoms, and will contain 4000 persons; and the concert-rooms in St. George's Hall at Liverpool, the Philharmonic Hall in the same town, and the Music Hall at Bradford, are admirably adapted for great musical displays. In 1854 we attended a festival at Norwich, given, according to custom, for the benefit of the charitable institutions of the country. The artists who executed the pieces, with that able conductor M. Benedict at their head, were three hundred in number. The receipts of the five concerts amounted to 4000. A perusal of the programme will serve to give some notion of the style of music which, even in the provinces, is considered most likely to attract a crowd: Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and *Messiah*; the overture to *Leonora*, the *Symphony in A flat*, and the *Grand Mass in Mi (C)* by Beethoven; Haydn's *Creation*; several morsels from Mozart and Weber, and selections from Guglielmi, Festa, Stradella, and Cherubini, &c. About the same period Manchester and Gloucester had festivals of quite as high an order.

Last year, in the month of September, the Birmingham Festival, with M. Costa at its head, held seven meetings, and collected 11,537. from 13,038 auditors. Extraordinary as they may appear, these figures are authentic. In this town, which seems to be entirely devoted to manufactures, where you can see no other colonnades but the chimneys of factories and

steam-engines, where the sun can scarcely penetrate the black canopy of smoke—these great solemnities are always performed with equal success. In 1852 the sum collected was 10,638. It would be puerile to cite a more extraordinary proof of the power of music than these great inroads upon the purse of such a community. It is true that the attraction was irresistible. For our part, we can only say that we never heard greater music more admirably played than upon the days when the *Messiah* and the *Israel in Egypt* were played. It was prodigious. At the same time it should be recorded that in these festivals the neighbourhood always supplies amateurs capable of taking part in the chorus and the orchestra, and everywhere there are critics who really understand the science, and who criticise the performances in the public journals. And so interested is all England in these matters that the principal London journals usually give some account of the musical doings in the provinces.

The English press undoubtedly puts forward strange opinions upon occasions: as for example, we are told that Haydn's *Creation* is "weak and small!" (see the *Times* of the 11th December, 1855)—that is, "the music allotted to the soprano in the *Elijah* is of a far deeper meaning and a far loftier beauty than anything Haydn ever imagined" (*Times* of December 18). But apart from these eccentricities (and where is it that there are no incendiaries for the Temple of Ephesus?) it is certain that musical criticism in England is more serious, and, above all, more learned than the French.

There is another proof that England loves music to be derived from the great number of books from time to time published upon that art, and the high prices which are set upon them. The four volumes of Dr. Burney cannot be purchased for less than 4*l*; a second edition of the five volumes quarto, by Hawkins, has been published by Mr. Novello; and it is only after considerable search that we have been able to obtain Busby's book, although it is the fifth or sixth History of Music that has been published.

If, on the other hand, it is urged that a portion of the English public runs after bad music—and we are reminded of those concerts at which the pit, transformed into an open arena, is filled with men who walk about, hat on head, and conversing with women—we reply that these facts prove nothing. Classical music is a thing so delicate, so beyond all other, that it requires a certain culture to appreciate it. Among people of the highest civilisation it is appreciated only by those who are born with artistic taste; and necessarily the mass of the population acquires it last. But even in this respect England appears to us to be the most advanced. Nowhere do the masses get better music; which is as much as to say that nowhere are the masses more enlightened with respect to music. At Mr. Hullah's concerts, where the prices of admission are one shilling and two shillings, only the highest class of works are performed—such as the Requiem of Mozart, the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, and Handel's Oratorios; and these great works are performed with the greatest taste and exactness. In the programme of a concert given at Canterbury, where the prices were the same, we find the names of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. In what other country in the world can shillings purchase such exquisite delicacies? In France, as in Germany, the happiness of listening to a symphony is a sort of privilege reserved exclusively for the rich. The history of the art must assign to England the honour and the merit of having brought that noble and beneficent pleasure within reach of the poor.

But this proves, not only the good direction given to music, but also the progress of the people. These *chef-d'œuvre*, requiring a numerous and able orchestra, necessitate great expenses; and, therefore, the speculator who risks his money upon such undertakings, must have great confidence in the taste and spirit of the populace.

By dint of searching among the remotest villages of the Germanic Confederation, a man may be found who does not know the name of Mozart; and perhaps it would not be impossible to meet in the Pontine Marshes with a goat-herd who never heard of Rossini; but the Englishman does not exist who is not familiar with the name of Handel. The admiration felt here for this giant of music is really universal; his name has certainly penetrated deeper into the population than those of his rivals in their own countries. Far more English have heard the *Messiah* than Germans the *Don Juan* or the *Symphony in U*, or Italians *Il Barbiere*.

France is very far indeed from having made equal progress. Classical Music is there confined to a very restricted circle; and the works of the great masters are forgotten, or at least neglected, with the exception of the symphonies and such music as may be connected with theatres. After the death of the austere Baillot, there have been none of those instrumental quartets and quintets, which form one of the most exquisitely beautiful branches of the art. An amateur has given, in a too short series of concerts, the music of Palestrina, Orlando Lassus, Pergolesi, Allegri, &c.; but this laudable experiment did not spread beyond the walls of a private house. As for oratorios, nothing but the *Creation* has been heard since the Directory, with the exception of *Judas Maccabeus* and the *Messiah*, feebly executed three or four times

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before an audience of subscribers by a society of amateurs. France, it must be confessed, is, in this respect, unworthy of herself; she has done nothing to emulate the annual festivals of Germany and England, where imposing choral and instrumental masses are used to render fitly the epic poems of music. And let us add that in England they are executed in the highest style of excellence. The choruses, consisting of from three to four hundred voices, are good, when they are well conducted; the orchestras are powerful; and for the solo parts they have Mesdames Clara Novello, Lockey, and Dolby, and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lockey, all genuine artists, and all natives of England. Ever since the now remote era in which the admirable Garcia and Pellegrini, Mesdames Pasta and Pizzaroni flourished, we have heard all the singers who have been celebrated; and, without asserting that Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves are equal to the most illustrious of these, we are not afraid to say that they are only second to them. Neither do we hesitate to state that whoever has not yet heard an oratorio executed in London or at one of the provincial festivals has not tasted the full amount of delight which music is able to give him.

Thus then it seems that the bad reputation which England has on the Continent as a musical nation arises from a prejudice; and it may be that this article will do something towards dissipating it—not because we have the vanity to suppose that our voice is powerful, nor because we have stated anything particularly new, but because we have stated material and undoubted facts. Nor have we done this to flatter England (if the writer of this had ever wished to do so that desire has passed away), but simply to record the truth.

On the other hand, the English entertain some prejudices with respect to the French. Out of contempt for French music, none of the charming works of Monsigny, Catel, Grétry, Daleyrac, Mehul, Boieldieu, or Berthon has appeared upon an English stage for nearly a century. Halévy's *Juive* has indeed been given, but without (what is generally considered to be of some importance in an opera) the music. *Richard Cœur de Lion*, when translated, could win no admirers. Burney himself, in spite of his excellent taste and his fine judgment, has not escaped that patriotic prejudice. His enthusiasm for Gluck is very moderate, because his genius was "Frenchified." "Gluck's music is so truly dramatic," says he, "that the airs and scenes which have the greatest effect upon the stage are *cold and rude* in a concert!! The situation, context, and interest gradually excited in an audience, give them force and energy." He reproaches Piccini and Sacchini with having had "a complaisance for the ancient musical taste of France" in their operas for our stage. To his eyes, Grétry himself, "who brought with him at Paris all the taste of Italy, in compliance with the French language has been frequently obliged to sacrifice it, in order to please his judges, and he has, at least, improved our taste as much as we have corrupted his." After which he adds in the most serious manner: "If good music and performance are ever heartily felt in France, it must be progressively; a totally different style of singing must be adopted; otherwise it will be in vain for the greatest composers, with the assistance of the best lyric poets in the universe, to attempt the reformation." Burney did not perceive that all his criticisms against the French school actually prove the individuality of the school; that it has a style, which must be something after all, if "in spite of the language" that style has produced all the masterpieces of our operatic stage. But this would carry the discussion to too great a length for our present purpose, and therefore we will here conclude; hoping, for the future, that the two countries will henceforth render each other more justice in matters appertaining to music.

V. SCHELCHER.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

A 500L. renter's share in Drury-lane Theatre, entitling the holder to a transferable free admission, and to rent 1s. 3d. per night of performance, was sold at Garraway's this week for 45L.—Madame Ristori's first appearance in England is announced for Wednesday, the 4th of June—the play to be the "Medea" of M. Legouvé, translated into Italian by Signor Montanelli.

MR. GOLLICK'S CONCERT took place on Friday evening week, at the Beethoven Rooms. The programme consisted almost exclusively of the compositions of Mr. Gollnick, whose popularity as a composer for the pianoforte has long been established in the musical world. Mr. Gollnick introduced on this occasion a new quartett and a new trio for pianoforte and stringed instruments. Of the first composition the *Daily News* says: "It was so fresh, original, and full of melody, it would have done no discredit to Mendelssohn." The pianoforte trio exhibited similar qualities. Mr. Gollnick played three *morceaux de salon*, which were received with the greatest applause: these were "Fairy Dell," "Revoir," and "Une Pensée."

#### LITERARY NEWS.

UPON the repealing of the newspaper stamp duty several cheap daily newspapers were printed and issued in Nottingham. In a short time most of them declined; not even the great interest attached to the war in the Crimea could keep them alive. The most spirited paper, however—the *Daily Express*, as it was called, published at a halfpenny—survived, and was printed daily until Wednesday week, when it also died.—A new daily paper, which is to be devoted exclusively to literature, science, and art, is to be sold at a sou per copy, and is to be contributed to by the most eminent critics in France, is about to be started in Paris.—A letter from Berlin states that a new work, from the pen of Chevalier Bunsen, will shortly appear, under the title of "God in History."—A munificent friend of literature has forwarded to the French Society of Men of Letters a donation of 10,000 francs. 6000 francs are to be assigned to four medals, to be awarded to the best essay on four stated subjects—the first of which is, "Criticism and the Critics of the Nineteenth Century;" and the remaining 4000 francs to the reward of papers of merit inferior to the best.

Mr. John O'Beirne Crowe, of Queen's University, has carried by competitive examination the Professorship of Celtic Languages in Queen's College, Galway.—Over the slab which has hitherto covered the grave of William Cobbett, in the churchyard of Farnham, Surrey, a tomb has just been erected by Mr. Thomas Milnes, the sculptor, who executed the statue of Nelson recently put up in Norwich. The tomb is made of a durable stone, from the quarry at Roch Abbey, in Yorkshire. It stands near the porch of the church, is of solid workmanship, oblong in form, and in style following the plainest old English architecture. On one panel, the inscription, copied from the slab, is:—"William Cobbett, son of George and Anne Cobbett; born in the parish of Farnham, 9th of March, 1762. Enlisted into the 54th Regiment of Foot in 1784, of which Regiment he became Sergeant-Major in 1785, and obtained his discharge in 1791. In 1794 he became a political writer. In 1832 was returned to Parliament for the borough of Oldham, and represented it till his death, which took place at Normandy Farm, in the adjoining parish of Ash, on the 18th of June, 1835." On the panel opposite:—"Anne Cobbett, daughter of Thomas and Anne Reid, and wife of William Cobbett; born at Chatham, 28th of March, 1774. Married at Woolwich, 5th of February, 1792. Died in London, 19th of July, 1848." Farnham Church is within a mile of Waverley Abbey and of Moor Park (once the residence of Sir Wm. Temple), and about two miles from Aldershot.—A Paris journal asserts that M. de Lamartine's long struggle to preserve his family mansion and estate from sale by auction by his creditors—a struggle which, of late years, has caused him incessant literary labour—has ended in failure, and that he, in consequence, a ruined and broken-hearted man, has resolved on emigrating to the United States of America.

M. Bazard, of Buenos Ayres, has forwarded to the Academy of Sciences an account of his investigations into the fossil bones of South America. His collection now comprises upwards of 6000 fossils, among which are fifty entirely new species.—The French *Moniteur* says:—A treaty, intended for the reciprocal guarantee of literary and artistic property, was signed at Dresden on the 19th, between Baron Rouen, the French Minister at the Court of Saxony, and Baron de Beust, the Minister of Foreign Affairs for that country. This arrangement contains the essential conditions of the convention of the same nature which was concluded between France and Belgium on the 22nd of August, 1852, but simplifying, by the suppression of the legal deposit, the formalities hitherto required for establishing a right of property in works of literature or of art. The international guarantees stipulated in the new treaty are not limited to works published in the languages of the two countries, but extend to translations in foreign languages, and are completed by a material reduction on the duties payable on the importation into France of books of Saxon origin.

#### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Début of Mlle. Piccolomini. *La Traviata*—an opera by Signor Verdi.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE AMATEUR PANTOMIME.

REGENT GALLERY.—Mr. George Buckland's Living Pictures.

It is seldom that even a great *prima donna* takes the enthusiasm of our fashionable Opera frequenters by storm. *Nil admirari* is their motto, and to be enthusiastic is not held to be exactly "correct." Yet Mlle. Piccolomini has broken down that frigid zone of ice, and has won her way, by a *coup de main*, to the hearts of all who heard her on Saturday, the 24th ult., stamping herself as a great actress and a great singer. As an actress, she is probably unparalleled on the operatic stage; and it is no light praise to say (as I can conscientiously do) that she is superior in this respect even to Mme. Viardot. It is here, indeed, that her

great excellence lies. Not that her singing is bad, but that her acting is supravital and marvellous. Her voice is sweet and most pure in tone, and her knowledge of music is perfect. With qualities such as these, how can she fail to carry all hearts by storm?

For noise, and the absence of all melody, command me to *La Traviata*, as the worst opera I ever was condemned to hear. The plot is vile (no other than that of the younger Dumas's abominable "*Dame aux Camélias*"), and but for the *début* of this admirable artist it is not impossible that the opera would have been condemned by the unanimous voice of an indignant pit.

The Lyceum company continues to charm the Crystal Palace subscribers every Friday. The arrangements made by the Directors are of the best description, and it is impossible to conceive a more agreeable lounge for those who like to hear the best music in Fairyland.

A repetition of the curious experiment attempted last year with so much success is to take place on the 2nd of June. The amateur pantomime is to be repeated by the members of the Fielding Club, for the benefit of some charity to be selected by her Majesty, under whose gracious patronage the entertainment will take place.

Mr. Buckland's entertainment is one of the best things of its kind I ever remember to have seen. The *tableaux* from the *Tempest* are well conceived and most artistically rendered. The delicious music of Linley, Purcell, and Arne is admirably given by Mr. Buckland and Miss Clari Fraser (a young lady with the voice of Ariel and the gracious presence of Miranda), and some original ballads were introduced with good effect. I cannot pass on without a word of praise for the little Ariel of the *tableaux*, who acted her part with much sprightly grace. The second part consisted of a short concert of vocal music, which was well received, and a burlesque in dumb show, accompanied by Mr. Buckland in comic *libretto*, illustrating the absurdities of the Cobourg and Richardson school of melodrama. If the public is pleased as well as the audience which attended on Monday evening, Mr. Buckland has a long and prosperous career before him.

JACQUES.

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Ward's Systematic Theology, edited by Campbell, Vol. I. 12s.  
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Wilson's Works: Noctes Ambrosiana, Vol. IV. cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Worboise's Grace Hamilton's School Days, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF LORD BYRON.—In a collection of autograph letters, sold a few weeks ago by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, occurs one (Lot 119) purporting to be in the handwriting of Lord Byron, which contains a remarkable, though vague enough, expression of his religious opinions. It is as follows:

In morality I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments and Socrates to St. Paul (though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage). In religion I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think that eating bread and drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition—each a feeling, and not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity, and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the wicked George Lord Byron.

This letter sold for 4s. 12s. 6d.

Once upon a time Victor Hugo received from some boyish provincial admirer a letter addressed—"To the greatest poet in the universe." He at once sent it, with the seal unbroken, to Lamartine, and Lamartine instantly returned it.—*Independence Belge.*

**MUMMY OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR.**—It is stated that Colonel Rawlinson, who is at present engaged in prosecuting the discoveries commenced by Layard and Botta, and in exhuming from the mounds of the long-lost rival cities, Nineveh and Babylon, the instructive remains of this once gigantic power, has lately discovered, in a state of perfect preservation, what is believed to be the mummy of Nebuchadnezzar. The face of the rebellious monarch of Babylon, covered by one of those gold masks usually found in Assyrian tombs, is described as very handsome—the forehead high and commanding, the features marked and regular. This interesting relic of remote antiquity is for the present preserved in the Museum of the East India Company. Of all the mighty empires which have left a lasting impression on the memory none has so completely perished as that of Assyria. More than two thousand years have gone by since the two "great cities," renowned for their strength, their luxury, and their magnificence, have crumbled into dust, leaving no visible trace of their existence, their very sites forgotten.

**THE APPLE.**—There was a rich man at the court of King Herod; he was his high chamberlain, and was clothed in costly apparel, and lived in the greatest state and magnificence. And there came to him from distant lands a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for many years. Anxious to do him honour, the high chamberlain made a great feast and invited all his friends: the tables were laden with the most delicate viands on dishes of gold and silver, and many costly vessels filled with wines of all kinds. The rich man sat at the head of his table; on his right hand sat the friend who had come from distant lands; and they ate and drank, and were satisfied. Then said the stranger to the King's high chamberlain, "I have never seen such magnificence as this in my native land." And he praised all he saw, and esteemed his friend the happiest of men. But the rich man, the King's high chamberlain, took an apple from off a golden dish: the apple was large and smooth and rosy as the cheek of a sleeping infant, and as he handed it to his friend, he said, "Behold this apple, it lay upon a golden dish, and it is lovely to look upon." And the stranger, the friend of his youth, took the apple, and cut it through; but, alas! at its core was a worm! Then the stranger gave a glance towards his host. But the high chamberlain looked down and sighed.—*Krummacher.*

**MUSICAL JEALOUSY.**—A singular incident in natural history occurred at Chester lately. A thrush in a happy state of freedom was trilling its notes in the orchard below the walls, near "the wishing steps," when its music excited similar efforts from a caged bird of the same species, which was suspended in front of one of the adjacent houses. These feathered songsters persevered in raising their melodies to higher and higher efforts, as if in earnest rivalry; when suddenly the bird among the trees darted from its perch upon the wicker cage of its competitor, broke the bars, entered it, and commenced an assault upon the musical captive; the owner of which, hearing the unusual noise, came out, took the aggressor prisoner, and sold it into bondage. The ill-tempered thrush had therefore paid the penalty of sacrificing its freedom to its jealousy. This anecdote is a fact, and not written, as it might seem to be, for the purpose of pointing a moral against musical jealousies among human vocalists.

**KIDD'S BRITISH BIRDS OF SONG (CHEAP EDITION), INCLUDING ALL THE "WARRLERS," AND OTHER BIRDS OF PASSAGE.**—We see by an advertisement, just issued by WILLIAM KIDD of Hammersmith, that these popular treatises, originally commenced in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, are now publishing (complete) in Shilling Volumes, beautifully illustrated, by GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, Paternoster-row.

**IMPROVEMENTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—THE EAST TERRACE.**—The absence of her Majesty from Windsor Castle causes great activity in the works connected with the various improvements now in progress. The East Terrace of the Castle may be particularly mentioned as one of the works, from the circumstance of its being paved with Seydel Asphalte of Pyrmont. The nature of the material not only attracts notice, but the arrangements Clarendon's Asphalte Company have made for carrying it out are worthy of remark. At one end of the terrace is placed a steam-engine, which drives three large caldrons, containing each about one and a half tons of material. The principal ingredient put into them is a bituminous limestone, in a state of powder, to which is added mineral tar and grit of an uniform size. These caldrons being over strong fire, the contents are kept unceasingly agitated by the machinery connected with them, and which, after a space of three hours, thoroughly amalgamate the ingredients, and reduces them to a semi-fluid state. In this condition it is run into iron trucks, placed upon a portable railway, and then rapidly despatched to the workmen at the extreme end of the Terrace, where our attention was first arrested to the work in progress. The thickness of the pavement is determined by strips of wood, against which the material is poured, and before it becomes set the workmen bring the surface remarkably uniform, and with a degree of neatness that makes it appear almost without a joint. The channels for water are formed in the same material, which, from its impervious character, would seem much better suited to carry off the drainage than stone ones. This asphalt has been used upon the roofs and other portions of the Castle, and is said to answer the purpose admirably. Some years back the royal kennel were paved with it, and are now in excellent condition.—*Windsor Express.*

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FREDERICK THOMSON, Secretary.

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**THE following is an EXTRACT from the Second Edition (page 188) of the Translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.—**

"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the Pharmacopœia) that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of COCKLE'S PILLS, which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, of which it is obviated. I suspect that an alkaline extract, the acids of which is obviated, of some alkali of a neutral or slightly acid nature, will be better and less worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom; a muscular purge, a mucous purge, and a hydrogogue purge combined, and their effects properly controlled by a diligent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids like most aloe pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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18, Princess-street, New Westminister, in the Parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury, and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Essex-street, Strand, in the City of Westminster, on Monday, June 3, 1856.

